



—Richardson del.



THE NEW MODERN STORY TELLER, OR Universal Entertainer;

B E I N G

A Collection of merry, polite, grave, moral, entertaining and improving TALES, related with that Modesty so as not to offend the most delicate EAR, and at the same time calculated to inspire Mirth among all Degrees of People, of whatsoever Age, Sex, or Opinion. Each STORY embellished with proper MOTTOS, suitable to the Subject, and moral Introductions to prepare and entertain the Minds of the Readers.

Among which are

The Lass's mistake in her lovers question.	The humour of the spur.
Justice save all.	The faithful dog.
An old woman basted with butter.	The positive cobbler.
The merry revenge.	The lucky disaster.
The parson and his horned horse.	Danger of being inquisitive.
An old woman the best physician.	Infallible receipt to cure a drunkard.
The arch methodist.	A new quirk for the lawyers.
	Bravery rewarded.
	The courageous highwayman.
	Double diligence, &c. &c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N

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The Reader is desired to correct the following errors.

Page 35. line 17. for *up* read *use*. Page 84. l. 19. for *pre-
dominate* read *predominant*. Page 144. l. 27. read *to* such chari-
table uses. Page 192. l. 9. for *gift* read *gifts*. Page 217. l. 14.
for *affection* read *affection*, next line for *are* read *is*, for *miscar-
riages* read *miscarriage*. Page 224. l. 1. *magnity* read *magnani-
mity*.





P R E F A C E.

AS no amusement can be more pleasing and entertaining than the subject of story telling, induced me to set about a work of that nature in order to furnish the juvenile part of mankind with the art of telling a tale to advantage.—There are several different methods made use of in this same art of story telling.—Some you'll find to be extremely tedious in their narrations, with a great number of superfluities in speech, which should at all times be avoided in the subject of a discourse, as bearing no reference to the tale a man is telling of. The best method I can propose to my reader in the art of story telling, is always to avoid prolixities of any kind, and to enter into the spirit of the story, with as much ease as the nature of the subject

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will admit. However trifling the art itself may appear, yet it is an art that requires more study than a man can first possibly conceive. Many a one in attempting to tell a story, is too apt to spoil it in its recital, by imitating the person from whom he originally had been taught the tale, forgetting at the same time that a trifling degree of real mimickry in some men, occasion the laugh; when imitation to excess in others, cannot raise a single smile; this I must call *true humour* which only some particular degree of mankind are possess of.

In order to arrive at the height of dexterity in telling a story so as to gain the applause of company, two things are chiefly to be considered; first the *nature* of the story a man is about to recite, and secondly the *characters* wherein consists the chief *plot* of the story, these are the principal foundation of the whole, to which should be added a happy retention of memory, and good oratorism, which are necessary qualifications to the same.

Incident is another valuable part in story telling, to which a person should
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at all times keep strictly up to, least by a trifling variation he unhinges the story, and leaves the reader in obscurity ; likewise *novelty* and *surprise* by being turned to what is really instructing and improving, is as much to be paid a respect to as incidents.

No one can judge so well of himself in telling a story, as those who hear him ; therefore it is very necessary to avoid both vanity and conceit, and never to laugh at a tale of his own recital, but leave that to the rest of the company.

Another thing necessary to be observed, is, particular care should be taken that the *language* should be suitable to what a man makes use of in general conversation ; for, by this means he will never be out of his customary road, and an easy flow of words will so naturally occur to him, as will seldom leave room for any of his hearers to criticise thereon.

One more observation I must make to my reader in respect to the well telling of a story is to be extremely cautious in keeping up to the true *spirit* of the story, so as to point out to his hearers where-
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in the *reality* of the wit is centered, least by a slight digression, the plot should become marred. I cannot better explain myself than by the following story.

A young gentleman, whose name was *Bush*, being one day in the fields with two or three more young fellows of his acquaintance, they happened to be catch'd in a shower of rain, which obliged them to run to a large thick hedge for shelter: While they stood there, a young lady ran by them for the same reason; but not chusing to stop where they were, —my friend *Bush* calls after her: hold! hold! my dear! don't you go any farther; you had better stay here, and take shelter under a *Bush*.——At which, his companions cried out,—well said, *Jack*! egad, that's the best thing we ever heard come out of thy mouth.——Mr. *Bush* was indeed very well pleased with their applause, but did not know exactly wherein their smart wit (which they were so praising) consisted. And yet, he believed, (as they said) that he had spoken a very fine thing; and therefore he resolved it should not die there. For being that night at supper with some of
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P R E F A C E. v

his relations, the subject of their conversation chanced to turn upon the different genius and capacities of mankind; how ready witted some were, and how dull others.—Egad, cries Mr. *Bush*, that's very true; for I was walking in the fields to-day with such gentlemen, and the devil a one of them said a good thing all the time but myself; and one smart thing I said in particular, that all of them swore they never heard a better.—What was it? demands one of the company.—Why replies Mr. *Bush*, when we were in the fields to-day, you must know, we were catch'd on a sudden in a hard shower of rain: and while we stood under a great tree, that kept the wet from us, a young lady happened to run full drive by us. Upon which I called out to her,—hold! hold! my dear! you had better stay here and take shelter under a hedge. And egad, they all swore they never heard a better thing spoke.

By this story my reader may easily perceive that all mankind have not the same agreeable turn in the telling of a witty tale.

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As an apology to my readers for the compiling of these stories, I need not inform them, that I have avoided the dull, tedious recital of too strict a morality in order to deter them from reading of them ; but can safely assert (and dare venture to say that upon perusal my reader will allow the same) that so strict a uniformity is kept throughout the whole, as at the same time both to instruct and please.

Much pains has likewise been taken to select agreeable mottos in order to introduce the subject ; and arguments of illustration preceeding each story, formed to heighten the mind of the reader as a kind of prelude to each tale.

Great care has been taken in the selecting of this modern story teller, to insert no tale that may offend the nicest ear, and may be read by the most delicate person without a blush, and at the same time calculated to inspire mirth and good humour among all degrees of people, of whatsoever age, sex, or opinion.

I will not deceive my readers by telling him that these stories were the fertility

tility of my own imagination.—No, the reverse, but stories, the majority of which, have been at sundry times related in private company, to a set of choice companions by that worthy elderly gentleman, now deceased, who was held in no little estimation for the trusty place he once held in the *London Magdalen*, who, from his peculiar art in story telling I may boldly venture to affirm never had any equal.

I make no manner of doubt, but the natural curiosity of mankind may induce many readers to examine this work in a critical light, and as no man can be supposed infallible, the compiler of the following sheets flatters himself, that as far as the nature of the subject will admit, some few errors he presumes may be overlooked which too often are liable to escape the best of authors.



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THE
Modern Story-Teller, &c.

*A Gentleman's greatest Necessity
the means of making his Fortune.*

This world is not for age; nor 'tis not strange,
That e'en our loves should with our fortune change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love leads fortune, or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his fav'rite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.

TRUE fortitude, under misfortunes,
and a happy resignation to the will of
providence, with all honest and industri-
ous endeavors to surmount them, are virtues
amiable and pleasing both to God and man.
We are too apt to murmur and repine at a
few losses and disappointments, and look
upon them as very heavy afflictions with-
out once reflecting on the many blessings
we at that moment enjoy, such as a perfect
possession of our health, limbs and senses;
liberty of body and mind; and many other
valuable blessings, that, to a thinking man,
are sufficient instances to reconcile him to

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2 *The Modern Story-Teller.*

the disposer of all human events; especially, when he reflects, that he, who suffered him to fall, can (when he pleases) as suddenly raise him up again.—The following story, I hope will sufficiently prove the authority of my assertion.

It is remarkable, that about change-time, the coffee-houses thereabouts are every day filled with people of business, for several hours together; it happened one day that as Mr. *Traffick*, a merchant, was sitting near the door, in one of those coffee-houses, he observed a young gentleman, of a very sedate, but genteel deportment, come into the coffee-room, take up a newspaper, and sit himself down (alone) in a box, directly over-against him. He being dress'd very smart, with a clean ruffled shirt, a gold laced hat, and every way neat; Mr. *Traffick* was surveying of him, when he thought he discovered a kind of a wild disorder in his looks, which made him more attentive to observe him nearer; but did it very warily and cautiously, lest the other should take notice of him. In about two or three minutes he observed him to put down the paper, (for he had called for nothing) and turning his eyes round the room, to see if any body observed him or not, and thinking himself secure, he steps to the bar (which

(which was very near the door, and where he sat) and taking something from it, put it into his coat pocket, and went directly out of the coffee-room into the street. — Mr. *Traffick* observing what pass'd, as soon as he was out at the door, says to the man of the house, — You had best stop that man in the gold laced hat, that is just gone out of the coffee-room, before he gets off, for he has taken something out of the bar, and put it into his coat pocket; but what it was I could not discern. — The man of the house, and another or two, who heard Mr. *Traffick* mention this, went directly after him, and brought him again into the coffee-room. The poor young gentleman, thus suddenly attack'd, was ready to sink down at the accident. — Sir, (says the coffee-man) you have taken something out of the bar; this gentleman saw you; and if you do not immediately deliver it back, and confess the fact I'll have a constable, and carry you before my Lord Mayor. — Immediately the coffee-room was all in an uproar, and the poor young fellow in such a trembling, that for some time he could not speak a word. — Says the coffee man to him, will you give your consent to be searched? Yes, Sir, cries the young man, but do not use me ill. With that, the landlord puts his

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hand

hand into one of his coat pockets, and only drew out of it, to their great surprize, an old silk handkerchief, and two thin pieces of bread and butter. At this discovery the company all stared, and the young delinquent was so confounded, that he looked like a person condemned to die. The man of the house next proceeded to search the rest of his pockets, but found not one individual thing in them, which much amaz'd them all.—What was it, Sir, (quoth Mr. *Traffick*) that you took from the bar? I am sure I saw you take something, but I cannot say what it was. —Sir, (replies the young man, who, by this time, had a little recovered himself) I really took nothing from the bar but these two slices of bread and butter, and if you knew but my misfortunes, and present necessity, I am persuaded you would rather pity than punish me. I am, (continued he) the son of a merchant, and within these twelve months, I thought myself intitled to eight or ten thousand pounds fortune; but by shipwreck, and other misfortunes, my father is now so far reduced, that I verily believe he is not master of a guinea. I am seeking out, the best I can, for a clerkship, to which business I was brought up under my father, who was a merchant at Bristol. I doubt

doubt not but you are amaz'd that a man of my appearance should be guilty of so mean an action; but I am oblig'd to appear as creditable as I can, or I shall stand no chance for any employment. As I am a living man, I have not had a meal's meat of any kind, these eight and forty hours, within me: and if it were possible for you to conceive the craving necessities of nature, and my wretched! unhappy inability! you would not, perhaps, be so much surprized at this mean and dishonest action of mine. But what will not hunger, and dire necessity oblige, or reduce us to? Indeed, it is too true, I am not far from perishing, and have subsisted merely on the hopes of providence a long time.—If this be true, says Mr. *Traffick* who accused him, I must own I am concerned for you, and I am sorry that I was the cause of this disgrace, if it shall prove so; as I was willing to detect you in a bad action, so am I likewise ready to relieve you under your necessitous circumstances.—With that he took off his hat from his head, and put into it five guineas; there, gentlemen, says he, to those who were present, you have all heard his dreadful history as well as me, let this example invite you to his assistance; I hope the good you do will not be thrown away.—

He then proceeded to every person in the room, each being touched with his relation, freely contributed to the amount of about 60 pounds; nor did the generous landlord withhold his mite, but freely subscribed his guinea. — After Mr. *Traffick* had finished his collection, he addressed himself to the young man thus. — Providence, you see, Sir, is now changing in your favour: Here is my own subscription of five guineas for you; but, as I have thus taken upon me to apply in your behalf, to these other worthy gentlemen, who have likewise subscribed, I look upon myself but as a kind of steward for them in the present case, and therefore if you willd give me a direction how I may be satisfied of the truth of what you have declared, (though I do not in the least doubt it) I will be answerable for the remaining part of this generous subscription; and if I find it true, as you have set it forth, I will engage an employment suitable to your merit. — Which, I should here inform my reader, was actually done; and thus (to the honour and credit of the worthy and generous citizens of *London*) was this gentleman's necessity the very means of raising his fortune.

*The Lass's Mistake in her Lover's
Question.*

Love is a joy which upon pain depends:

A drop of sweet drown'd in a sea of sour;

What folly doth begin, oft fury ends;

They hate for ever who have lov'd for hours.

E. of STERLINE'S CRÆSUS.

THERE is scarcely any thing more common than to see two people fall out in a dispute, and come to a down-right quarrelling, for no other reason but being of the same opinion; and which fude and difference are generally propagated only through their self certainty, and eagerness of argument, which cannot suffer them to understand one another, till they have exhausted all their artillery; and then, being cool again, a single word drops in by chance, that sets all things to rights again. At other times, the cruelest dissensions happen between the dearest friends, thro' an ambiguity of phrase, only, which often produces a misinterpretation of the last consequence, and which must have been the case in the following story, had not the un-

common condescension of the tender fair one, suddenly changed the scene.

HONEST *Ralph*, a gay young country man, having for some time made his addresses to a damsel (who had a small fortune in her own hands) in that neighbourhood, was one day walking with her in the fields; while they were talking very gravely together, about the marriage-state, he wanted sadly to be inform'd by her what her little fortune was. He had often, before this, endeavoured to extort it from her, but whether she understood him or not, or whether she had determined to conceal it from him, he could not tell; however, he now resolved to be thoroughly satisfied, and therefore put the question plainly to her in the manner following; my dear, (says he) marriage is a precarious and expensive state, and how we may make things hit hereafter, is uncertain; however, since we propose coming together, there can be no great harm if we are quite free with one another now, and deal without the least reserve: you know, my dear *Sally*! I have often hinted to you, that I should be very glad to know what you have, that we may judge the better how matters may agree when we come together, and now we are by ourselves, I think

think it a very proper time to be satisfied. Come, lay aside all affectation and restraint, and I do assure you that I shall love you the better for it; be plain, therefore, and let me know what you have at once, whether it be little, or whether it be much, let me know what it is, and we will manage things accordingly. I know very well what I have myself, and I will make the most I can of it; and I do declare to you, my dear girl! that it shall be only yours; and therefore, let me beg, my dear lovely *Sally*! that you'll not deny me.—The poor girl, thus press'd, was in a sad dilemma, and pausing a while, said nothing; but he still pressing her to comply, and taking her into his arms, to sooth her to consent to his request, she threw herself suddenly from him, and vow'd, that no man in the world should ever know what she had till she was married. He tried again all that he could to persuade her, but she still desisted. At last, finding she was obstinate, and that all his arguments signified nothing, he takes hold of her hand,—Well, (says he) God bless you, my dear girl! I wish you a better husband, and fare you well; for, since you are determined I shall never know what you have, till we are married, I am determined, by *Jove*! that, except I shall first

know what you have, I never will marry you, or any other woman in the world, so you may be as obstinate as you please. If you think you can better yourself, do.—

With that, he turned himself about, and was walking off as fast as he could: but, when the poor girl saw he was resolved to leave her, her tender heart began to relent; and, after many sobs, sighs, and some tears, she in a very piteous tone, called after him.—*Ralph! Ralph!* pray come back! and if you'll promise not to leave me afterwards, you shall know! with that, *Ralph* returned, and taking her in his arms, gave her a hearty kiss; and said, now you are a good girl! she overjoyed that they were reconciled, pulled up her coats, shift and all, as high as ever she could, crying, there, *Ralph*, there it is.—But, indeed, you shall but just touch it.



Justice

Justice Saveall.

Offences urg'd in public, are made worse;
The shew of justice aggravates despite.
The multitude, that look not to the cause,
Rest satisfy'd, so it seem done by laws.

DANIEL'S CIVIL WARS.

IT is a blessing peculiar to this country,
(and very justly observed to our credit
by all foreigners) that when a poor subject
is injured, cheated, or abused in any sense,
if he applies for satisfaction, he may have
justice done him (perhaps) in any part of
this kingdom, at as dear a rate as any one
place in the known world; for magistrate's
commissions, now-a-days, are not bestow-
ed as formerly, to independent, penetrat-
ing, and unprejudiced gentlemen, who had
not only understanding and honesty suffi-
cient to serve their oppressed fellow-subjects,
but took pleasure also, in doing so: Then,
I say, justice maintained her original consti-
tution. But, on the contrary, the throne
of justice now may be compared to a vile
chandler's shop, where she deals with her
customers as roguishly, for her ware is as
false

as false her scales, of which she has two sorts, one to buy with, and another to sell by; her weights too are the same; and her sharp pointed sword, that was wont to defend the innocent, and punish the guilty, is become (by the power of bribery) as blunt as the but-end of an old mopstick, and oftener knocks down the innocent than pierces the transgressor. Her ladyship herself is grown more cunning than formerly; for in days of yore, she was used to be kept stark blind, that she might not be bias'd by any exterior appearance; but now she plays at bo-peep with us, and opens and shuts her eyes with pleasure; instead of being blind, she's now become deaf, as though she had pawn'd her ears to redeem her eyes; and as she was formerly mov'd by the sighs, groans, and complaints of the oppressed, she is now as powerfully wrought upon by bribes, presents, &c. for an instance of this I refer my reader to the following true story.

Mr. *Saveall*, who was bred an attorney at law, and who was a surly, hungry, and penurious man, being appointed in commission of the peace, in some place in the west of *England*, grew so arbitrary and covetous, that it was next to impossible for
any

any body to have justice from him without a bribe ; and it became at last so customary, and so generally known all round that hundred, that no-body applied to him on that score, without being properly prepared ; so that very often he had matters to decide, wherein the parties had acted so equally, that it was difficult for him to discern which had most right to his favour. And what added particularly to his interest, was, that he was master of a great deal of odd humour, (when he pleased) and which he took special care never to use but to his own advantage ; I must inform my reader, that it was customary here (in a little town where Mr. *Saveall* lived) to put out the poor deserted children that fell to the parish, to be maintained among the parishioners, according as the vestry thought proper ; except when upon appeal the justices of the peace thought fit to alter it. It happened one day, that the parish officers sent one of these town's children, (as they were generally called) to one *Artful*, an arch industrious young fellow, and one who took great delight in knowing where to look for the most game in that country, as hares, pheasants, partridges, &c. or to buy brandy, tea, and so forth, at the cheapest market. *Artful* no sooner found this town's child fixed

fixed upon him, but he began to consider and contrive how to get rid of it again; and, at length, determined to apply to Mr. *Saveall* to assist him in the case; he accordingly set out; and when he arrived at the justice's house, he gave a good loud rap at the door, which made the old gentleman wonder what bold visitant he had got there, for it was not very usual for people to take that liberty.——When the servant maid (*Waitwell* by name) came to the door, and demanded what he wanted, he answered, —I want to speak with his worship—By-and-by, (answered *Waitwell*) he is now busy, and shut the door again; but *Artful* knowing it was the justice's way to let people wait sometimes 6 or 8 hours before they could have an audience of him, and sometimes not have it at all, he ventured to give a harder rap, which so roused and provoked the good magistrate, that he ran to the door almost as soon as *Waitwell* could do. When the door was opened, *Artful* made a most reverend bow, almost to the ground, and the justice arrived just time enough to see the latter end of it, who roar'd out to him in a most horrid tone:——Well, you scoundrel, what do you want! Ha? How dare you thunder at my door in such an impudent manner, you villain!——May it
it

it please your worship, (replies *Artful*) I should be proud if you would please to give me leave to speak with you.—Sirrah! you rascal, (replies the good justice) don't you know that I never do business after dinner? what, do you think because I am in the commission, that I am to be at the beck of every dirty fellow in the parish. —If you don't go about your business this minute, I'll make an example of you. —Sir, (quoth *Artful*) I have made bold to bring madam a taste of fine tea, if you please to give me leave.—What does the man say? (says the justice, lowering his voice in an instant) I have such a cold in my head, that I cannot hear one word that he says; bid him come into the parlour.—In *Artful* was immediately conducted by *Waitwell*, and was again demanded of, by the justice, what he had to say; who replied,—An't please you, sir, I have brought madam a taste of the finest green tea in this country, if she'll please to accept of it.—Here he presented his acceptable gift; and the justice, when he had examined into it, with a look and an accent that spoke him quite pacified, demanded.—Well, and what is your name, friend?—*Artful*, an't please your worship, (answered the suppliant) —*Artful*! Ha? (returns the justice) what

what, you are a fornicating gunsmith, I suppose, or some such thing, Ha?—No, sir, (replies the other) I am a poor man, and have a wife and five small children, if it shall please your worship.—Ay, marry does it, very well, (cries the Justice) thou art a good pains-taking fellow, and a worthy subject; but what hast thou more to offer to me?—Offer, Sir! (says *Artful*, thinking the justice had asked him what he had else to give him.)—Ay, (replies the justice) dost thou not understand me? I ask what thou hast else to offer? That is, —I mean,—what hast thou else to say to me?—Why, sir, (says *Artful*) I am a poor man that works very hard for my bread, and have a great family to maintain, and, notwithstanding I scarcely can get bread for them to eat, the overseers have sent me a town's child to keep; and if your worship will not be so kind as to relieve me, my own children must fair the worse for it, for it is impossible I can maintain them as they should be.—Why ay, replies the justice, (smelling and looking at the tea all the while) this is a pretty sort of tea enough, as thou sayst.—And so the overseers have sent thee a town's child, have they? (continued he, with a leer) ho, ho.—Well then, I'll tell thee what thou shalt

shalt do with it: as thou seemest to be a good honest, civil, industrious fellow, thou may'st,—ay—thou may'st provide for it in the best manner thou canst and let the parish officers do their worst.—But, an't please your worship, (replies *Artful*) If I am obliged to keep this child, my own children must starve,—and that's very hard; I hope your worship will consider it for me, and assist me in this case.—That's very true, cries *Saveall*) but I am very hard of hearing,—and you must know, that my wife always drinks her tea mixt.—Sir, — (quoth the other, who gueſt the cauſe of his ſudden deafneſs)—I have brought an equal quantity of fine bohea, but I deſigned that for your own uſe. Here it is if you will pleaſe to accept of it.—Odſo! (quoth the juſtice) thou art a good honeſt ſenſible fellow. I begin to have a very good opinion of thee. How many children doſt ſay thou haſt of thine own?—Five an't pleaſe you ſir, (replies *Artful*.)—Five, “cries the good juſtice again” ha! this I find is a knotty point; much may be ſaid on both ſides. Doubtleſs, the overſeers have a right to ſend thee ſuch a child, if they think proper; it is according to the conſtitution of the town; I believe I can ſhew thee the act of parliament that empowers them

them to do it. Here he took down a large book, and began to hum over some part of it to himself, but so unintelligibly, that poor *Artful* did not understand one syllable of what he was reading. After the justice had growled over it some time, he breaks out thus:—I perceive, friend, by virtue of this act, that a power is vested in the justices of the peace, to settle and adjust this point, according to their own discretion, and therefore it is certainly in my power to ease you of this child; but then, beware of injustice on the other side; when they shall come to plead their reasons for sending this child to you, we cannot tell, but that if you should get quit of it, this same child must be sent to another poor family, that may have 15 or 20 children of their own, and therefore it would be unreasonable to take it away from you. However, as you seem a very civil and industrious fellow, I'll see what can be done, I'll enquire into the matter, and if you call again in three or four day's time, you shall know what I can do for you, though I am afraid you must keep the child in spite of my endeavours.——I thank your worship, “replies *Artful*” and if you'll please to give me leave, I'll bring your worship a fine hare along with me.——I cannot tell what you say, friend, “quoth the
the

the justice" my hearing is very bad at times. —I say, fir, "replies the man" that I'll bring your worship a fine — Well, well, well, "quoth the justice, interrupting him" I say call again. Be sure call again. — Here *Artful* being satisfied that the justice and he perfectly understood one another, made him half a dozen of his best bows, and with profound thankfulness took his leave. About three or four days after he returned again, according to order, with his promise, and gave a rap at the justice's door as before. Old *Saveall* saw him pass his window, with pufs in his hand, almost as big as a small calf, and *Waitwell*, according to custom, not going to the door with over and above speed, the old gentleman set up his pipes as follows: — Here! where are you, you scoundrel jade! must people wait at my door till they perish with cold before they get admittance? I'll make you know better before I've done with you, or I'll make an example of you. — *Waitwell* never answered a word, but opening the door, the justice called to him, come in neighbour; so into the parlour he followed him. An't please your worship, "says he" here's as fine a hare as is in the country, if your worship pleases to accept it. — The justice being at that instant deaf, made him
this

this answer:—Well, neighbour, I have considered the case, and have given myself a great deal of trouble to serve you, but I find it will be a very difficult thing to gain your point——God bless your worship “quoth *Artful*” it is very hard to send a child to me to maintain, that has five already of my own; and it is entirely in your worship’s power to relieve me; if your worship remembers you said so yourself, the last time I waited on you about it.——Why ay, “quoth the justice” that is true, but you know how I told you, at the same time, it was my duty to have regard to both sides the question, and therefore it will take up the more time and trouble to settle it.——Here the poor fellow perceiving that the conscientious good justice was not yet quite ripe in his cause, replies,—if this hare should happen to please your worship, I can in a day or two, I believe, present your worship, with such another.——Well, “quoth *Saveall*” I must confess thou art a very grateful, honest young fellow, wilt thou drink a glass of my ale? if your worship pleases, replied *Artful*. ——With that, the justice ordered *Waitwell* to bring up a bottle, and after drinking a glass or two of it himself, he began to wax warmer in the fellows cause. Come, says

says he, I'll look again into this statute, concerning the present case, and see how far I can interfere upon my own authority. — Here he lugs down the aforesaid great book, and began to mutter in it, as he had done before, and *Artful*, fearing he might construe some part of it to the advantage of the defendants, interrupted him thus: — your worship's goodness, in giving me this comfortable glass of your good ale, has so warm'd my heart you cannot think, and to make your worship some small amends, “if you'll please to give me leave” when I bring your worship the hare, I'll bring madam a brace of as fine carp as any in the country. — Which hint had here the desired effect. — for the justice, “at this” replied, — Ay, here it is, here it is! — And it is further enacted, — that all poor and deserted young children so placed, “as aforesaid” shall be cloathed and maintained, as already aforesaid in this act. — Except it shall appear to the said justices of the peace, more equitable, and reasonable, otherwise to determine it. — Why ay, this I see will do, “quoth the justice” I have it now in my power, I find, to do thee right, and right I will do thee. Why, those rascals of overseers, I perceive, don't care how inequitable

ble their inhabitants are incumbered; but I'll be even with them; a parcel of unconscionable scoundrels, to send a child to be maintained and cloathed by a worthy honest fellow, that has a matter of—how many children do you say you have of your own? —Five an't please your worship, “replies *Artful*” ay, five; true! you said five; “returned the justice” why it is a small army; “continued he” it is a mercy that they have not some of them to dispose of themselves; and but that thou art a very honest industrious fellow so they must. But come, I'll do for them: here, I'll give thee a written order for them to receive this town's child back again, and if they refuse it, do thou leave it at their door, and come and acquaint me with it, and I'll make an example of them; I'll shew them what's law, and equity too; a parcel of unconscionable vultures. — Here he gave *Artful* an order under his own hand, exorting him over and over, to be sure not to forget calling to acquaint him with what they said to him, on his returning the child, which *Artful* did accordingly, with a punctual remembrance of both the hare and the carp, which concluded his wish, with another cup of the justice's best ale; besides laying a foundation for the justice's future interest.

A sublime Irish Oration, in Praise of the late Peace, &c. as it was delivered in English at the New Oratory, by Patrick Mac-Noifey-Oclumfy, Theologist and Historiographer in the City of Dublin. In Imitation of the inimitable Surreverend Mr. Orator Henly, and the learned Dr. Hubble-bubble Puzzlefight.

MY dear countrymen of all nations, wid de duty ash becomes a true subject of *Ireland*, and all oder kingdoms in de world, weder proteshtant-catolicks, or *Roman* catolick-proteshtants; weder you shall be a hanabaptish-churchman, or a presbyterian churchman, or quakers of all religions, or methodishes of no religion, or any oder short of opinion, shect, or pershuasion dat is not to be found; I am here pershuaded and deshired by most of my good friends and acquaintansh dat never shaw me before, and sheveral oder shrangers, dat are more intimate wid my abillities and quallifications, to shtudy and make an extempore shpeech at my own lodgings; [in imitation

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tation of my learned and wise broder-orators in *London*] and after I have well examined de shame, and got it by heart, as dey both do, to come hear and read it to you all wid dout book, for your good edification and insftruction in politick matters, consfherning publick affairs, dat no-body knowsh any ting of; and, dereby, to make you all ash well acquainted wid it ash myshelf, or any body else.

I must, in de firsht plaash, begin to conclude to you, dad de happy cause of dish undertaaking ish de joyful tidingsh of a general peash, dat ish shign'd against fighting, shinsh de wars were done and over, both by shea and land; and, after dat, I shall in t he next plaash, begin to consfider de dreadful conshequenchs of private quarrels between kingdoms and shtates, and den shew you de true caush of de devine providenche's shubstituting national-wars, to punish our predesheffors for de crimes dat we are liable, by de perfections of nature to commit, before any of dem were born.

I will now, den, according to my promish, as above, begin to exclaim to you all de true caush why de whishdoms of providench did first dishdain, or put in force de custom of national-wars between de shov-

showrains of de world.—De first grand battle dat the shripture takes notice of, [according to sheveral good histories both of *England* and *Ireland*] was dat bloody and desperate engagement, called de battle of de *Boyne*, dat was faught in dish very kingdom, between king *Jamesh* de shecond, and king *William* the tird, (both of blessed and glorious memory) where dey had like to have made most terrible bloody work on't; but dad king *James* observing dat de oder shide was like to have de worst on't, like a generous and good General, (wid an intent to fright de oder army out of deir wits) shuddenly fash'd about, and left his antagonishts in de utmost shurprize in de field of battle. Bless'd wid dish glorious conquest from de reach of his enemies, he no shooner got aboard of his own ship, dat wash lent him by de *French*-King, but he shet sail as fast as he could go, to make his friend and coushen acquainted wid de trick dat his shon-in-law had put upon him, wishing, dat de crown which he had left him, to wear, de first time dat he wou'd put it upon his head, might stick into his throat and choak him.

De next good battle dat was faught, (according to Mr. *Whatd'yecallum*'s history of *Scotland*) was dat between *Julius Cæsar* and de *Philistines*, where de Great *Golia* was

stoned to death by king *David*, for threatening to whip de *Ægyptian's* backshides, wid a rod as big ash a weaver's-beam; and *Shampson* coming to hear of it, made shome fireworks for joy, and ty'd shome firebrands and sky rockets to de foxes tails, and turn'd dem loose through de read-shea, into the corn fields, which burnt and destroyed all de hedges and gooseberry tree'sh in de country; and sho, den dey made an act of parliament against making or shelling any squibs or crackers for de future; and, shoon after dat, dey caught hold of *Shampson* his ownshelf, and pershwaded his mistrefs to cut of all his hair, dat he might be no stronger den demselves, and den went to Mr. *Occulist*, de king's eye maker, to pretend to mend his eyes, till he made dem quite blind;—which Mr. *Shampson* himself no sooner shaw, “and perceiving alsho, dat his strength wash all gone” but, to be revenged of dem all, for deir treachery, he catch'd hold of two great wooden stone posts, belonging to an amphitheatre, or a playhous'h, or soime such plaash, where dey were assembled to she a bull-baiting, and tumbled it down to de ground, which murdered every body dat wash dere and himself too.

Dish great affair sho enraged *Nebuchadnezzar*, de high preisht, dad he ordered
Daniel

Daniel de prophet to be flung into a lion's den, where he had liked to have been starved to death, in a fiery furnace, but dat he wash ashifted by angels in de shape of ravens, which fed him wid great quantities of good *Cbeshire* cheese.—And dish was de effect of dese great wars, and of differing about deir opinions in religion; for *Goliab* wash a great heretic, and *Shamson* himself was a great whoremaster, but his strength lying all in de hair of his head, Mrs. *Delalah*, de harlot, (who was a common woman of de town, and a great whore of *Babylon*) cut it off, to make hershef a *Tete muton*, and a new perriwig; but, after it was all cut off upon his head, she found dat it wash too strong to be put into buckle, and sho she shold it to de *Pbilistines*, to make fishing-lines, with which they catch'd de great whale, and *Jonab* in de belly of him; and, after dey had given him a purge, dat did make him spue him up again, alive, upon dry land, dey knocked his braine out upon de spot, and made it into pickl'd-salmon, for de people of *Ninevah* to eat, while dey fasted without victuals forty daies for deir shins.

Upon hearing dat dish great shity was condemned to be shaved for deir repentance for sho long a fast, de devil was ready to hang himshelf, and sho he went to de

lord, and informed against *Job*, and called him all de names dat he could tink of; upon which, de lord told him, dat he might go and do him what mischief he would, sho dat he would not go and medle wid himself.——Sho, de devil went directly to *Job*'s house, and knocked all hish children's brainsh out. But though *Job*'s wife wash a very great shrew, and a scold, and every ting elsh, yet (becaush she was de devil's own coushen) he never medled wid her at all, but left her to plague her husband, and all de resht of de family. —— And, after dat, he went back again to de lord, and told more lies of him, who bid him go again and do him more mischief.—— And sho de devil (as every body knows dat he never travels widout a hellish deal of fire wid him) went directly, and watched till *Job* was gone out, and den came and burnt his housh down about his ears, and all his barns, and all his reeks, and every ting elsh dat wash good for any ting, but his wife, who wash as great a b—h whore as himself. —— And sho, when *Job* shaw dat de devil had burnt down his housh to de ground, he never valued it of twopench, becaush he had inshured it all wid de lord himself.

At dish de devil wash again hellish mad, and went back again to de lord, and told him,

him, dat *Job* wash a very grear scoundrel, and would still say his prayers, in spight of his teesh: upon which, de lord was sho angry wid *Job*, dat he told de devil he might go and do what he would to him, sho dat he would not kill him to death; and sho de devil went directly, in a very great hurry to *Schotland*, and dere he catched de itch, on purpose to carry it to *Job*, who soon after broke out all over, like a leopard, but his wife never catched it al de while, and dere being no pothecariesh dere-about, (and de cunning devil taking all his own brimstone away wid him) *Job* could not get himshelf cur'd, which set his wife a curshing and shwearing, and calling her husband and de lord all de namesh she could tink of. But, shome time after dis, *Job* got himshelf cur'd of de itch, and de lord finding out de devil's tricks, shent him to hell in a hurry for't, and den he did got his wife wid child, very well, of sheveral children; and den, de lord did build up all his houses, and all his barns, and all his reeks, and gave him ash many cattle ash he had before, and more too. And

Which made de devil sho vext, dat he came out of hell again, and, to be reveng'd, he went directly and put on de form of a fly sherpant, and flew away to paradise, as fast as he could, where finding *Adam's* wife

wife all alone by herself, and no body wid her but her husband, (who was a great way from her) he pershuaded her to let him ravish her, and sho he did get her wid child of *Cain's* own shelf; and *Eve* had no shooner learnt dis whore's trick of him, but she went and taught it to her husband as fast as she could.—But *Cain*, who was always a wicked young dog, (and de devil's own shon) studied all de roguish tricks he could tink on; sho dat his broder-in-law, young Mr. *Abel*, being a good boy, and minding his book, and his schooling became de lord's own favourite, which sho provoked dat devilish bastard *Cain*, (for all he was *Adam's* next heir at law) dat he came behind de poor boy's back, and knocked his brainsh out before his face.—And after dis, de lord try'd *Cain* for his life, and though there was no witnesss of de murder, yet he was found guilty; but, for want of a good hangman to execute him, (for dere was nobody elsh in de world den, but his father and mother, and himself) de lord ordered him to be transported for life: and becaush every body dat shaw him should know who he was, de lord made him of his father's own colour, sho dad he was now all over as black as de devil himself.—And, after dis, he began to learn de art of conjuring, for widout being a conjurer, he could

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could not be sho devilish cunning as he now was? for being, according to de lord's shentanch, transhported into de kingdom of *Nod*, he presently contrived (for all dere was no other woman at dat time in de whole world but his own mother) to marry wid one of his own shisters, and sho committed inshest; and deir foolish children, (from de name of de plaash) where de first of de numerous race of de *Nodies*.

And tho' it is plain, from de times of *Julius Cæsar*, and *David*, and all de oder people and folks, to de very beginning of de world, dat whoring, and fighting, and rebellion, and murder, were de common practices of all our successors before us, to dish day; and, derefore, as deir shins were worthy of death, the providench of God, (to punish us for deir wickedness) instead of shending distempers and plagues, and famines and pestilench, to cut us off from ourshelves, did dishdain dat kings and states, and nations and prinches, should fight and quarrel wid one anoder, till dey were all friends again.—And den dey should make peash, and not fall out any more, sho long as dey could agree, and dat is the grand deshin of de present good peash dat is now made for us, and all our enemies, who have all agreed to be one another's true friends for ever,—(if it will but suit their conveniencies.)

encies.)—And sho, to prevent any ignorant persons from quarrelling about it, dey have made it sho plainly to be understood, dat de devil of any body (but demshelves) can understand it at all, or find the bottom of it; but for all dat, we all know dat it is a good peash; and de people dat did make it were very wise and good christians; for ashoon as dey found dere wash nothing to be got by fighting, but money out of pocket, dey all made a bargin to be friends again, and every body to take his own; and dat young *Mr. Philip*, who had first shet dem togeder by de ears, (becaush he had noting of his own, nor any right to any ting, only being of a quarrelsome family) to make him easy, dey did sheveral of dem agree to join togeder, and make him up a very good fortune.—Like sho many great boys dat would agree to fall out about robing an orchard, and a noder dat was not dere, shstand-by at de shame time, and claiming a part of the fruit, (though he could neither leap a tree, nor climb a hedge) should make a party among dem, till dey all would fall out and pelt one anoder wid de plunder, and scramble, and pull one anoder's cloaths to pieshies, till dey were tir'd, and den dey would conshent to let him gader up part of it.—Or, like five or shix very wise foolish. dat would den come to go to law wid one anoder,

anoder, (and widout any caush but only dat of quarrelling) and, when dey had shpent all deir money in feeing de damn'd lawyers, and in bringing deir caush to an issue, de judge himshelf, to shave his own trouble, should recommend deir caush to a preferench; and sho, when dey had ruin'd one anoder, dey might grow friends again, through deir poverty, and leave de world to laugh at deir folly and deir ignoranch.

But den, to prevent any grumblin hereafter, you may she, dey have all (by de shecond article) made it in deir bargin to grow emmediately stupid, and to forget deir faculty of memory, as though dey were all ashamed to tink of what dey had done.—But efait, though dey demshelves should all remember to forget every ding dat ish past, it will not be a very easy matter to make every body elsh forget to remember it too.

But now, (my good friendsh) we are informed, dat our enemies in sheveral foreign countries, to shew deir faith and thankfulness for dish good peash, do all intend to put on deir best holiday cloaths, and with a grand and glorious intent, according to de firsht verse of de *Jubilate Deo*, psalm 100th, dey will sherve the lord wid gladness, and will go before his presench wid a shong.—And den, after dat, (as a

proof of deir charitable disposition, instead of good meat and clothes to fill de bellies, and cloath de backs of de poor hungry and needy, dat dey might rejoice and keep a good christmash, and wid a deshin to light up de understanding of de ignorant, as well as imitating de good *Jewish* christians of old) dey will make a most furious and magnificent burning shacrefice to de lord, of a great many toufand pounds worth of squibs and crackers, sherpents and fky-rockets,—in order to reduce, and be revenged on de remaining part of dat murderous compound called gunpowder.—And which my friends, is a hundred times better den foolishly shutting it away, wid bombs and balls to knock one anoders brainsh out; and, in order to keep de fire-works in tune, dey have bespoke above a hundred shorts of de best musick, as drums and trumpets, and fiddles and bagpipes, and hautboys, and jews-harps, and *French*-horns and humstrums, and tabours and pipes, and salt-boxes and frying-pans, and gridirons, beshides marrowbones and cleavers, and sheveral oders, which will be the finesh shite to hear, dat ever was sheen in de whole world, or any where else; even grander dan de Jubilee at *Rome*, or bartlemy-fair, or lord-mayor's show, or any ting elsh.

And

And sho I conclude my oration, which is a thousand times finer, and better shensh, den any of dose dat are spu'd out at *Lincoln's-Inn Fields*, or *Exeter-Exchange*, by my two well-beloved broders in learning and politics ; and which is as regular, beautiful, and worthy to be read, as the *Coup de Grace*, or any oder of dose Gentlemen's intelligible hieroglyphicks.

An old Woman basted with Butter.

Lands mortgag'd may return, and more esteem'd;
But honesty once pawn'd, is ne'er redeem'd.

MIDDLETON'S WORKS.

THOSE people whose minds are naturally depraved, are so much addicted to vice and folly, that all the sound arguments that can possibly be made up of, will seldom, if ever, reclaim them. The lower class of people are among the number of whom I have been speaking, and the soundest orthodox in the world will have but very little weight with them. I have heard a trite observation made, that there are but two sets of people in the world that are above the law. The rich, whom the law cares not to meddle with, and the poor

whom the law thinks not worth its notice. But as punishment may be administered to a delinquent without calling the law into question, the following humorous story I hope will prove entertaining to my reader.

A poor old woman that lived in the country, just by a nobleman's seat, was used to go there every day, to do any odd thing about the kitchen, that the cook, or his maid, were pleased to set her about; for which they used to give her home with her the broken victuals, and which comfortably maintained a brood of grand-children she had at home, who otherwise must have fared but poorly. But one day as the old woman was busy in poking about the larder, the kitchen-maid happening to cast her eye that way, saw her cram a whole lump of butter, consisting of about two pounds weight, into the crown of her high-crown'd hat, which she, not suspecting that any body saw her, immediately tied upon her head again with the butter in it; upon which the maid instantly informed the cook of it.——D——n her dry old head, quoth the cook, it will be cruel to expose the old jade, and deprive her of the benefit of the house, because her poor family at home must suffer for it; but I will punish her severely for it before she goes away.——

The

The cook and the maid seemed to take no more notice about it ; but by-and-by the old woman comes into the kitchen, as she used to do, when she had done all they had set her about, and demanded of the cook, as per custom. — Well, my good master, have you any thing more for me to do ? No mother, replies the cook, not at present, and there is the broken victuals for you, but be sure that you are here by nine o' clock to-morrow morning. — Yes, yes, returns the old woman, God bless you my good master, I'll not fail, to be sure. — But just as the old woman was got out at the door, and thought herself secure, the cook called her back again. — Mother, says he, I had lik'd to have forgot, but I must beg one favour of you before you go yet. — Ay, ay, replies the old woman, what is it, sir ? — Why, says the cook, only to baste this uppermost spit for me a little, and when you have done, I will give you a dram. — Thank you kindly, sir, says the old woman, God in heaven bless you ! you are very good. — So down he sets her before a great kitchen fire, with near two bushels of coals on it, and three or four spits a-going, and with the basting ladle cramm'd as full of butter as he could well stuff it. — Here, mother, says the cook, you need only to baste this uppermost spit, and I'll
tell

tell you when it is enough.—— The old woman went to work as she was directed, but had not fate there long before the butter began to melt in her hat, and run a full stream down her face and neck into her back and bosom. She wiped her face over and over again, till her handkerchief was as greasy as her head, and then she was forced to take the tail of her gown for the same purpose, for her apron was filled with fragments ; and all would not wipe off the butter so fast as it came down her face. The cook, who stood by all the while to observe the operation, was pleased to the heart to see it work so well, and salutes her thus ; —Well, mother, says he, why you sweat, methinks ; who would imagine that a woman of your age should have so much grease in her ?——That's very true, quoth the old woman, but, to be sure, this fire is very hot ; is it not almost basted enough, do you think, sir,——No, no, replies the cook, nor half enough neither ; but come, mother, I'll keep you company a little ; don't you be faint-hearted because you sweat a little more than ordinary ; it will do you good. Here, *Betty*, continued he, bring the poor old woman a bumper of brandy, that she may warm the inside of her as well as the outside. —— Down he sits himself by her, least she should take it in her head
to

to pull her hat off before her punishment was compleat. And when he thought that near all the butter in her hat was melted away, he released her ; but the poor old woman, by this time, was basted all over from head to foot ; he then gave her another glass of brandy, and discharged her ; but it happening to be a very keen freezing air, she was no sooner out of the house, than she was, as it were, in a moment transported out of the torrid zone into the frigid zone, and covered all over, in ten minutes, with hard butter from head to foot, which made her cut a most ridiculous and grotesque figure ; and which, without injury to her poor innocent family, might very probably conduce more to cure her of the vile itch of thieving, than a much heavier punishment.

The Merry Revenge

Man's disposition is for to requite
An injury, before a benefit :
Thanks giving is a burden, and a pain ;
Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gain. HERRICK.

A Publican that means to make his fortune, should be possessed of the utmost good nature and complacency. For it is generally to be observed, that a condescending temper prevails with mankind
in

in general. The man who would extort from his customer, is certain in time of being detected; and when once found out is sure to meet with a retaliation. The following story is a true instance of a merry prank played upon a too penurious publican.

Two merchants agreed one Sunday in the spring to take a ride ten or twelve miles out of town, and dine at some ordinary in the country. Accordingly, they pitched upon a village in Essex, where there was a twelve-penny ordinary every Sunday; but it happened, that after they were come to the house, and had acquainted the landlord that they intended to dine with him, that one of them was taken ill of a sudden, so that when dinner was brought upon the table, the gentleman could not bear the smell of it; soon after growing something better, he ordered some wine to be made hot for him, with an egg beat up in it, which soon recovered him again. An hour or two after this, the gentleman being again pretty well, they sate and drank a bowl of hot punch together; at last calling for the reckoning, the landlord, out of his princely munificence, had charged the gentleman that was ill the same for his ordinary, although he never tasted of it, as he did

did to all the rest, viz. a shilling for eating. What, says the gentleman, do you charge me a shilling for eating ; I suppose you mean for not eating ; you know very well I never fate down to your ordinary, nor came near the table.—I cannot help that, sir, replies the landlord, you said you came to dine with me, and had a knife and fork laid ready for you, and there was victuals enough, so that if you did not chuse to eat, that was no fault of mine ; you were in the same company, and I should have been as well pleased if you had eaten a hearty dinner, as none at all ; it makes no difference to me ; and I must not break through an established custom.—Very well, replies the gentleman, if it be an established custom, I do not desire you to break it upon my account.—They paid their reckoning, and away they went, but not very well pleased, as we may suppose, with their landlord's imposition. When they were upon their road home again, says one of them, I have a thought come into my head, which, if put in execution, I fancy we may pay our landlord in his own coin, and perhaps it may be a means of amending his manners for the future.—What is't ? demands the other.—Why, replies he, what if we take our *Joe* the porter to dine there next Sunday ? *Joe* has the

the character of an eight or nine pounder upon occasion, and is a very humourous kind of fellow into the bargain.—Egad, says the other, you could not have thought of a better scheme; *Joe* is capable of giving us a feast, though the landlord should make us pay for fasting; I'll go halves in the expences of the day with all my heart, and let's inform him of the thing to-morrow, that he may have time enough to prepare himself.—This being agreed on between them, they acquainted *Joe* with their plan for the next Sunday's recreation. *Joe* was over-joy'd with the thoughts of a fine country ride, and vowed he'd well revenge his master's quarrel. Accordingly, when the next Sunday came, they all three set out together, and took two more friends with them to partake of the sport. Well, says one of them, as they were going along, I hope *Joe* your stomach is in good order.—Egad, master, says *Joe*, I must have a piece of bread and cheese presently to keep the wind out of my stomach, or else I shall not be able to eat two pounds by that time dinner is ready.—Ay, ay, says the gentleman, thou shalt have what thou wilt to eat and drink, so that you take care and not spoil your appetite till you come there; but be sure you don't call any of us master, but call us by our names, just as free as we do

do you, for to-day we are all upon a footing. But, above all, be sure not to rise from the table a-hungry:—Thus they went on, diverting themselves with the thoughts of approaching revenge; and *Joe*, to put his stomach in tune, stopped two or three miles before they came there, and snapp'd up a pound of bread and cheese, and a tankard of beer, and then said he was right. When they came there, they again acquainted the landlord they were come to dine with him, so putting their horses up, they all walked about the garden till dinner was ready, when *Joe* mounted the stage, without the least regard to either fear or mercy. The first thing that came upon the table was a dish of soup; *Joe* did not chuse any of that; he said it was too watery, and had no substance in't; but there being about nine or ten people more, besides these five, the soup was pretty well finished; and then comes a buttock of boiled beef, with carrots and greens; *Joe* fastens on this, and at the first stroke cut off a slice all round the whole piece, full two inches thick, and because it was too broad for his plate, he divided it into four quarters, and began to lay about him with a vengeance, saying, there was some meaning in a good piece of beef; the first piece he put into his mouth, he swore it was
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very good, and he believed he should make his dinner on't. The company were all amazed when they looked upon his plate, and saw how he pitched it into his mouth, and began to carve for themselves as fast as they could, lest they should not each of them have a mouthful. They had scarce helped themselves round, before *Joe's* plate was empty, and began to whet his knife for a second trial ; he pulls the dish to him, and round he goes again with another slice, very little inferior to his first, which surpriz'd them all more than he had done before ; but one of his companions asking him if he would not help himself to some greens or carrots, he, replied they are windy, and only serve to blow up the stomach, for there's no substance in them : with that the drawer run down stairs to his master as hard as he could drive.—Egad, sir, says he, there's a man above stairs that has eat above half the buttock of beef himself already, and there is not above a pound and an half of it left in the dish ; he pitches it into his mouth, as though he was filling an oven. Zounds, quoth the master, send up the breast of veal as fast as ever you can for your life, and I'll bring down what's left. Away he runs up stairs to take a view of his new cormorant, but by the time he came up stairs, he had cleared his plate a second

second

second time. In two minutes up comes a roasted breast of veal, and the landlord going to take off the beef, for there was not much of it left, *Joe* catches fast hold of the dish, and swore a great oath, that he had not half dined, and in a moment whipped the remainder of the boiled beef upon his own plate. — Seeing that, the master runs down again to his wife with a very dejected countenance, and shewing her the empty dish that the buttock of beef went up in, he swore a great oath, there would not be a morsel of victuals left for the family to dine on. Up he went again to be a woeful spectator of *Joe's* wonderful performance ; but now *Joe*, being pretty well cloy'd of the beef, began to lay bye a little, and called for something to drink. Bye-and-bye one of the company demanded of the landlord what there was else for dinner ? He replied, with a very faint voice, gentlemen, I have nothing else but a boiled plumb-pudding ; I did not expect so much good company to-day, continued he with a sigh, and looking at the same time very hard upon *Joe*, or I would really have provided something more.—No, no, replied *Joe*, it is very well, we can make shift well enough ; and I am very glad you have got a plumb-pudding, with all my heart, for I am fond of all sorts of pudding. What then, says one of the gentlemen,

gentlemen, won't you taste the veal, sir, — I believe not, replies *Joe*, it is but a hungry sort of food, I had rather stay for the pudding.——The rest of the company having had but a very small share of the beef, had now almost ended the veal, when the pudding made its appearance ; and the landlord going to take off the small remnant that was left, *Joe*, who had first his Argus-eye upon it, stabs his fork fast into it, crying out, hold landlord, you shall not say but I'll taste it however, else perhaps you may be affronted, and when I am gone say I was nice, and could not eat roast veal.—So there was the third dish emptied, and all the company as much amazed, and stared at *Joe*, as though he had been the greatest prodigy in nature.——But here *Joe*, being a little cloy'd, called for a bumper of red wine, and having piddled a little while with the bones of the veal, till he had cleaned them, he called for another, which he had no sooner tipped off, but he called for a third, which made the company, I mean the strangers, begin to think, that he intended to drink as much as he had eaten.—Now, says he, gentlemen, few people that are fond of plumb-pudding know how to eat it, with a proper sauce to it ; and as most sorts are heavy and cloying, especially plumb-pudding, no sauce can be better to
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it than red wine, because the fine smartness of the wine helps to palliate the pudding.—With that, he pours his bumper of red wine into his plate, and cuts to it, full two thirds of what pudding was remaining in the dish.—This crown'd the whole work, for his companions seeing that, divided the other amongst them, and *Joe* was now admired as a prodigy indeed.

Some time after dinner was over, the landlord came up stairs, and desired to speak a word with one of *Joe's* friends.—Sir, says he, as the gentleman is your acquaintance, and has a more than a common appetite, I shall esteem it as a favour, if you'll take an opportunity, by-and-bye, of speaking to him for me, that I hope he'll be so kind as to consider me something more than the common price of my ordinary, for, upon my word, Sir, he has obliged me to dress a fresh dinner for my own family, or they must have gone without victuals.—

Lord, Sir, replies the gentleman, I'd do it with all my heart, but I am sure it will signify nothing, for it might have happened, you know, that he had not eaten a morsel, and it is no easy matter you know, landlord, for a person to break through an established custom. This answer confounded the landlord in an instant, and con-

convinced him, that this was only a device they had thus contrived in order to pay him off in his own coin.

The injured French Count's Philosophy.

—————Tis not to make me jealous
To say, my wife is fair; seeds well; loves company;
Is free of speech; sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.

HOW truly laudable and praise worthy must that generous mind be, that can truly sympathize in anothers grief, notwithstanding the wrongs offered to itself. Upon cool recollection, passion will naturally subside, and if mankind in general were to study their tempers as much as their persons, how truly amiable would be the soul of man. Generosity, even to an enemy, is recommended to us in sacred writ; and forgiveness is looked upon to be one of the most valuable blessings in nature. —I shall illustrate the same in the following story.

In the neighbourhood of *Versailles* lived the count *d'Amour*, a nobleman of great honour

honour, family, and fortune, who married a lady of equal rank, and great beauty; it so happened, that some time after they were married, the countess, being too regardless of her honour and true happiness, gave such a loose to her behaviour, that encouraged a young gentleman who visited there, to make some advances to her, injurious to her husband's right, and her own reputation; at length they became so unreserved in their amour, that the servants were often witnesses of their indiscretions, which made them the more curious to search into the utmost of their criminal proceedings, so that they were soon sensible of their good lord's injury, and thereupon resolved to inform him of it, which accordingly they did. We may easily suppose that such an information must make a strange impression upon the mind of the most rational and temperate man living; but here, whatever effect it had upon the prudent count, it was all inward. None could perceive the least outward perturbation or resentment. He considered and weigh'd every circumstance with the coolness and temper of a philosopher; and, after he had enquired of these domestic intelligencers all that he thought proper, without being too credulous of their information, he determined to give her an op-

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portunity without the least delay, either to confirm or ease his doubts.

After he had enjoined the most perfect secrecy and silence on those who had informed him of his wrong, he prepared things accordingly, and the next day set out to enjoy a fortnight's diversion (as he told his lady) of hunting and shooting,—which he very often did in the season, and of which he was very fond. This was very agreeable news to the countess, who now conceived she might enjoy her lover with all unbounded and uncontrouled desire; therefore, no sooner was the count gone out of town, but she found means to acquaint her gallant therewith, who, no doubt, was ravish'd with the tidings; but, to their confusion, (by-and-by) there were unexpected spies, who marked all their actions, so that no sooner was this young *Adonis* arrived, but the count had information of it. The lady had intrusted her own waiting maid with the secret, and the chief of the affair was managed by her; that is, so far as relates to his being secreted in the house, and conducted to the countess's bed, or convey'd away again, (as necessity or conveniency required.) But now her vigilance was match'd, for the servants who had discovered the affair to their lord, had likewise found out the secret channel of his entrance;

entrance; and, he was no sooner arrived but the count had notice of it; about twelve at night, when they were both in bed together, the count by a secret way which he had caused to be made into their chamber for that purpose, approached their bed-side with a dark lanthorn in his hand, unsuspected and undiscovered by either of them. As soon as he came into the room, he enlightened his lanthorn, and undrawing the curtain of the bed, had the satisfaction of seeing his fair lady clasp'd fast in her amorous lover's arms. At this sudden discovery, who can express their guilty apprehensions. The lady gave a shriek; her lover was struck aghast; cold trembling sweats instantly seized them both; and their countenances were in a moment changed from calmness, serenity and love, to aspects of inexpressible horror. The prudent count for some time never opened his lips, but stood looking upon them with his candle in his hand, as seemingly composed, as tho' he had been quite insensible of the least injury done him. At length he broke silence, when nothing but immediate death was expected from his hands.

Well, madam, (says he) as I am conscious that I have never deserved such unworthy treatment from you, I can behold your vicious infamy with pity and con-

tempt; yet, you shall both be witnesses how capable I am of instantly punishing your crimes as you deserve, — Here he drew from his pocket a brace of loaded pistols, and laid them (with his sword, which he took from his side) upon a table full in their view.—Behold (continued he) the instruments of justice, which I may, and ought to exercise against you both, for this most gross and infamous indignity, and which the laws of nature dictate as your most righteous deservings; yet, I will convince you, that as I loath and condemn your mean and vile proceedings, and the blackness of your vice, so do I scorn that mean and unmanly revenge, which custom, and too hot intemperance, generally prompts such injury to seek. As this is an infamy of the darkest dye, that you are fallen into, I shall take what care I can, not to disturb the subsequent moments of your life, from the solid reflection, and inward debates you ought, and may hereafter possibly make; rest, therefore, both of you, secure from any such proceedings of mine.—Here he called in a servant, which was waiting without by his order, and gave him the pistols and sword to carry away, and deposit elsewhere, which greatly contributed to the recovery of their astonished senses; and now the detected male delinquent, with an accent

cent of submission, besought the generous count for leave to rise and dress himself, which was, with great complaisance and mildness, immediately granted. But in this strange and perturbed scene, the guilty lady knew not how to act, nor whether it was more safe and prudent to attempt to rise, or stay where she was, to wait her impending fate. But, while she was thus distractedly weighing within herself, she was soon informed of her present safety, and how she was then to act; for her courteous lord, permitting the young trespasser to rise and dress himself without dread, at the same time informed his lady, that she might safely, without any apprehension of danger from him, continue where she was, for that he should not in the least disturb her rest, for he had already given orders concerning his own disposition for that night. The gentleman proceeded to dress himself with all the expedition he could. But, notwithstanding the count's declaration, he was far from being clear of future apprehensions. However, being dress'd, my lord called for a servant to light them down, and wishing the countess a good repose, withdrew, and left her to her cogitations; and, when he had accompanied this amorous intruder just to the door where he was to make his exit, he addressed him as follows:

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Sir,

Sir, as I neither know who, or what you are, you'll excuse me if I don't address you with the title you deserve. It is true, you have made a criminal and dangerous trespass in my house, and may be still under some fear of my future resentment; but, to convince you, that you may safely banish all thoughts of that cast, I entreat you to stay and drink a bottle of wine with me; when, if you doubt my honour in this declaration, I will confirm your security in what manner you shall ask it.—The gentleman, in the utmost amazement at this generosity, could only answer with a low bow, which being understood by the count for his assent, he was immediately usher'd into a stately room, and wine of many sorts were ordered to be served.—Sir, resumed the count) you may in all probability, be a little surprized to see my behaviour so cool, in the present case, but if you'll permit me, I will now give you my true reasons for this calm disposition: I look upon vice and virtue as the opposite scales in which the true merit of either man or woman, ought to be weigh'd or valu'd; and till I discover either of them black, I, according to christian charity, and my religion, believe them fair; but when, upon proof, they appear to be otherwise, contempt is the only punishment which I can
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conceive I have a right to inflict, and which to me, is the worst of earthly punishments. You, sir, have evidently injur'd me in a very tender point, and as you are a stranger to my acquaintance, I don't think it worth my while to seek a further satisfaction from you, and for this reason; had the countess been naturally chaste, she would not have been foul with you; and, as she is evidently otherwise, had you not been guilty with her, she would certainly have found out somebody else that would, for nature will be nature, and vice and virtue will ever be inherent; and therefore, sir, it is from her I shall seek a satisfaction, and which shall be of such a sort, as shall leave no stain upon my name, or honour, or mark of violence on her polluted body.

At this generous and mild discourse, the young gentleman was most sensibly affected, and it made so deep an impression upon his mind, that he was well nigh bursting into a flood of tears, cursing his own concupiscent desires, which made him instrumental and capable of wronging so good, so truly great a man. When they had spent some time in discoursing on these points, the count very politely offered the gentleman his coach to carry him home, but it being with much ceremony and confusion excepted, they with as much politeness as pos-

fible parted, without the least appearance of either enmity or rancour.

In what mood, or with what reflections the lady spent the remainder of the night, (or rather morning) I shall leave my judicious reader to conceive, and shall now proceed to give the next day's journal.—In the morning, about the usual hour, my lord sent his compliments to the countess, desiring her company to breakfast with him, and the afflicted lady, (whom the messenger found bathed in a flood of tears) instantly obey'd. As soon as she came into his presence, she fell upon her knees, and humbly besought his pardon. But the count, (instantly raising her up) acquainted her, that crimes of that nature, were not like other foibles, so easily to be forgot. However, he assur'd her, that he should take no violent or unwarrantable steps with her; but as she had, by her shameful indiscretion, rendered it indispensibly necessary to part, and that it was impossible to think of their future cohabitation any more, he advised her to collect such of her necessities as she might think proper, for that he had ordered his coach and six to be instantly ready to carry her back again from whence he had her, *viz.* her father's, who was a nobleman of great character, that lived about three leagues from thence; after

after breakfast was over, they went into the coach together, and drove directly thither; but the generous count was above upbraiding her once with her crime, but rather endeavoured to comfort her in her sorrows, which now seemed greatly to afflict her. At length they came to her father's seat, and being admitted, the generous count began to open the cause of their present visit, in a very tender and accurate manner; and, at the same time, besought that nobleman with all his force and eloquence to receive and entertain his daughter.—— but alas! it was all in vain: He looked upon her, as to have forfeited all pretensions to his blood, and told her, that she was an everlasting stain to his family, and rather a disgrace than ornament to her sex; and as for his ever receiving her again, he thought she merited more the severest death, than the least glimpse of affection from his hands; and that he should endeavour, from that moment, to erase her out of his memory, as thoroughly as she was now blotted from his heart; and therefore he demanded that the count, her husband, should instantly take her from his house; and told him, that he might dispose of her as he judged proper, for she merited no regard of his, nor should he ever again (he hoped) pollute his tongue by pronouncing of her name.

At this dreadful assurance from a noble father, when irrecoverably lost to the best of husbands, and her fame, honour, and inward peace of mind were fled, and left her thus abandoned, what tongue or pen can attempt to describe her misery? Such a moment is bearly to be guess'd at, and that too, only by those tender, feeling, and sympathizing children of nature, who are capable of being touched with the miseries of their fellow-creatures.—For here was her father so immoveably determined, that tears, submissions, prayers, protestations, intercessions, and all was of no effect: The count her husband, was forced to take her away, and never more, on any consideration, was she to be admitted there again. Accordingly they re-entered their coach, and the count ordered their coachman to proceed to an uncle's of the lady's, who lived but about a league from her father's, in hopes to find him much more flexible than the latter, and that she might be received into his friendly house; but alas, they found no better success. The uncle no sooner understood the cause of their division, but he express'd himself to the same effect that her father had done before, and as hastily demanded her departure; which, after trying all their efforts, they were obliged to comply with, and so again returned to their coach.

coach. And now, there remained but one step more to take, and all was ended, which was as follows :

Being again re-placed in their coach, the afflicted and penitent lady fell upon her knees, and thus address'd her lord,—clasping fast hold of his hand, and with her beauteous eyes, (though drown'd in a flood of tears, which roll'd incessant down her lovely cheeks) which she stedfastly and languishly fix'd on his, and then, with an accent broken with her griefs, and loaded with a torrent of inexpressive bitterness proceeds :

—My afflicted soul (thou injur'd, and thou best of men!) is unable to unburden her vast, vast load! or to unfold to my unintelligible tongue, the least idea with which my crime is pictur'd in my mind! I can behold the heaven of thy face, but as the angels of darkness lift up their presumptuous eyes to view the light; which blessed sight, serves only to shew me plainer the miserable state of my own sad wretchedness; and when I reflect upon my guilty deeds, and compare them with your noble, generous, and spotless actions, and then consider the mighty difference of our present situation, it brings to my thoughts the dreadful contrast of the last general day; whilst thee, (thou best of men) can, guiltless, look upon a miserable lost one sinking in despair, and

drowning in her own black crimes; and with soft pity, and sympathizing tendernefs, wish, and strive to fave me. I can only, (as the greateft glimpe of comfort now left me) raife my unworthy and afflicted eyes, to feed defpair on thine.—Here ſhe was going on, when the generous and tender count, unable any longer to bear the continuance of her pitiful and moving ſtrain, burſt into a flood of tears, and raiſing her to the oppoſite ſeat of the coach, returned as follows:—Madam he muſt be more than nature, or leſs than man, that can thus behold your deep afflictions, and now unavoidable miſery, and not be mov'd with inexpressible compaſſion; I am too ſenſibly affected with your ſorrows, not to adminiſter all that lies in my power to comfort you, and reſtore your tranquility. Although your father and uncle have caſt you off, and utterly diſown you, yet will I ever be your friend, ſo far as I am able, with honour, to the period of my life; and therefore, my preſent advice is, (in order to avoid the reflections and inſults of the world) that you immediately retire to a monaſtery, where you ſhall be preſented worthy of your rank; there you may reſt ſecure, and ſafe from the peſt and insolence of mankind, and have nothing elſe to do but to reconcile your mind to peace and heaven;

heaven ; and whatsoever else may offer, that I can contribute, to compleat that happiness, you may certainly depend upon.

This was a proposal that aptly suited with the afflictions of the lady, and therefore was immediately approved of and executed, where we shall leave her, to atone for her former indiscretions, and the good count to pursue the deserved rewards of an uninterrupted life.

The Parson and his horned Horse,

Happy is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such that do e'en enemies exceed.
A friend is gold ; if true, will never leave thee :
Yet both, without a touchstone, may deceive thee.

SHAKESPEAR.

THERE are in the world a set of men who from the meaness of their dispositions, would live wholly upon the rest of their fellow creatures. The narrowness of soul, so predominant in the mind of those kind of wretches, render them almost unworthy of being ranked among the class of mankind. As too much familiarity generally breeds contempt, some of the clergy notwithstanding the dignity they possess, ought not

not to be treated with too much freedom. The observation cannot but hold good when we consider that the education a clergyman generally receives at a university, makes him look upon himself at least several degrees above the rest of his fellow creatures, but this I dare venture to assert, that the behaviour, not the education, generally makes the man.

Mr. FREEGIFT, a worthy gentleman in *Suffolk*, bestowed a very good living upon parson *Guttleguzzle*, who was a very troublesome unthinking man; for he had very little regard to any thing else but his belly, to which he was ever a very constant and studious friend; the parsonage-house being but about a mile from his patron's seat, the parson (being a very assiduous man) did him the honour, sometimes, to come, three or four times a week, by 8 o'clock in the morning, and stay with him till eleven or twelve at night. At length Mr. *Freegift* and his family grew quite weary of him, which the parson himself could not avoid seeing; but he did not chuse to understand it, as knowing his patron to be both a modest and a generous man; and then again, Mr. *Guttleguzzle*, on the other hand, (as is natural to that tribe) behaved himself so liberally towards the servants, for all the trouble

trouble which he gave them, that they had contracted as much love for him as their master; and a good reason why, for none of them all had ever yet seen a fixpence of his money: it happened one day, that the groom was saying something to his master about the good parson, (as they were in the stable together) which caused the following reply from the esquire; D—mn the parson, says he, I wish I could find some way or other to make him forsake my house; he is the most impudent stupidest fellow that ever I knew in my life; and I believe, verily, in point of conscience, I must have him tossed in a blanket before I can get shut of him. The groom (being a very humorous fellow, and hearing his master make this declaration) answered him thus:—If your honour will please to give me leave to put a joke upon him, I'll soon make him ashamed of coming here, I'll warrant him.——Will you? (answered the gentleman) then I assure you, you shall have my leave, with all my heart; but you must not offer to do him the least injury, for I'll not suffer any thing of that sort to be attempted. If your trick, or joke, be an innocent one, you may execute it with all my heart; but I must not know any thing of the matter.——Leave being granted, and their master acquainted with the

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the nature of it, the servants began to prepare to execute the groom's intended plan, which was to be done the next time the parson came there: he did not let them wait for an opportunity above a day or two after; when the scheme was performed as follows:—They had, belonging to the house, a favourite tame bull, which was so gentle, that the groom had oftentimes put on him a bridle and saddle, like a horse, and several of the servants had frequently rode him up and down the yard; *Roger* had always behaved himself very prudently, and with the utmost decency, upon those occasions: he was brought up and educated in the family from a calf, and they had fed him, with their hands, with any thing that he would eat; so that he would follow them up and down like a dog: nay, the very maids had been honoured with many an airing upon his gentle back. The next time the parson came, they got this bull ready up in the stable; and the esquire, approving of the humour, kept the parson that night a little later than ordinary, who, as I hinted before, had about a mile home, and all the way through a long and narrow lane: but his old horse had gone it so often, that he could sleep, without fear, upon his back. However, the moon was near her change, and the nights very dark; and this, in particular,

lar, happened to suit their scheme extremely well: when the company broke up for bed, the esquire rung the bell, as usual, for the servants to get the parson's horse ready; but, just as the butler was lighting the parson to the door, his candle, by some accident, went purposely out, at which the butler seemed a little out of temper.—Gadso, (says he) this is devilish unlucky; but, if you'll please to stay, sir, one minute, I'll soon light the candle again: this being the groom's cue, (who stood just out of sight of the door with the bull, ready for the parson to mount) cried, here's your horse, sir, —O! that's very well! (quoth the parson, who was about half seas over) that's as much as I want. Help me but to my horse, and I want no light; old *Jack* can find his way home without light as well as with.

To make short of my story, they soon mounted him upon *Roger's* back, who never was honoured with so much divinity before. When the parson was settled and adjusted in his saddle, the groom takes *Roger* by his muzzle, and leads him very quietly out at the 'great gate, and having wished the parson a good night, shut the gates fast after him; they had not retired to laugh at the conceit of their frolick, above ten or twelve minutes, before *Roger* came back

back again to the great gates, discharged of his burden, and bellowing for admission. As soon as they heard the bull roar, they got a candle and lanthorn, and all ran down the lane to see what was become of the parson, not forgetting to turn the parson's horse, old *Jack*, down the lane loose before them; when they had got about three or four hundred yards, they found the parson taken into a litte farm house, where (the farmer happening to be up that night, upon some particular business, and crossing the farm yard, with a light in his hand, saw the parson riding by) the parson spying the bull's horns, in his sudden fright, stuck his spurs into his sides, which *Roger* had not before been used to, and screaming out, at the same instant, in a most horrid tone, *Roger* began to kick up his heels in a very strange manner, by which means he soon got rid of the 'parson. This being done, *Roger* returned home to acquaint the rest of the family therewith, and to try for admission into his old lodging again, but it was sometime before they could recover the parson rightly to his senses; and then the best account he was able to give them, was, that he had rode the devil, and that he was sure he had carried him over hedge and ditch, but it being very dark, he had not an opportunity of seeing his horns, till he disco-

discovered them by the light of the farmer's candle.—The truth of this being the next day blown all about the parish, and the parson being informed of the cause of it, he was ashamed of going to his patron's house ever after. And the clerk, being a waggish kind of a person, affirmed that his master had outdone the primitive christians; for, whereas, they were wont to ride upon no better a creature than an ass, his good master, Mr. *Guttleguzzle*, had luckily improved his keffel into a bull; and though he believed it to be done but by a kind of a blunder, yet he was sure it was a much more honourable beast, and therefore, he thought, very worthy of imitation.

Obadiab Mousetrap.

He tells you true, it may be our case;
Shall we upon complaint of men so base
Be question'd; no cedars are cedars still;
The valley must nor dare to climb the hill:
Poor men must suffer, rich do what they will.

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THE generality of men's action's speak their principles the plainest, and it is not what we say, but what we do, that wise men judge by; the following story may

may be a proper lesson for the unwary to take notice of.—Ingratitude is one of the worst sins that a man can be guilty of, and more especially, when it is committed in a breach of trust, under those who give them bread for life. If then, such an one should be found betraying his master's trust, and yielding up his right for a sordid and paltry bribe; if the person who had seduced him, should then attack him with his own weapons, and trick him of his covenanted reward and unjust hire, as my reader will find, was the case in the following story, such a person is rather to be commended than the other pity'd. There is no creature upon the face of the earth, so addicted to the crime of ingratitude, as mankind. Even the fiercest of wild beasts, are civiliz'd by gratitude, and seldom or ever hurt their benefactors and providers;—but man is daily giving up his father, mother, wife, children, friend, nay, even sometimes his country, for a mere trifle.—Let every man, thus guilty, put the question to himself, and then consider well, whether he thinks (tho' he be call'd to no account for it in this life) the cries and groans of succeeding generations, that lye under the oppressions and distresses which he, before, had caused, and brought upon them, will make no impression upon his
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final judge, that may move him to reward, and punish his crimes?—The man, who would sell his trust, I am persuaded, wou'd condescend to any thing for gain;—That is (I mean) if he could conceive himself secure from the power of the law.—The following proceedings of our good friend, *Obadiab Mousetrap*, will, in my opinion, be the easier justified;—or, at least, excused.

OUR friend *Obadiab Mousetrap* (who was a quaker, and a commander of a trading vessel) was just return'd from a voyage, into the river at *London*, when he had a couple of custom-house officers (as is usual) immediately clapt on board him: It happened that two or three days after, the sly old fox had a mind to sound the depth of those worthy gentlemen's honesty, whether with any view to serve his own interest I shall leave my reader to judge.—One day, as he was walking upon the deck with them, and talking of indifferent things; he says to one of them, friend wilt thou go into my cabin and drink a glass of rum? I have a case of that which is quite neat, if thou wilt come and taste it, and give me thy opinion of it, I shall be obliged to thee.—The officer comply'd, and they, each of them, drank a glass or two of
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of it; in praising which, the quaker perceived his spirits a little elevated, and believing him in a proper cue for his purpose, pull'd out of his pocket a green purse, with the appearance of about sixty guineas in it.

—Says he, friend, as far as I can perceive of thee, thou appearest to me a person of quick sight and good understanding; therefore, I shall have no occasion to make a multitude of words, where I would only wish to speak, and strait be understood.—

Thou seest this green purse, and what it contains;——If thee and thy brother officer will give me thy company for one half hour, only to drink a bowl of this rum, made into what they call punch, this purse, and all its contents shall be thine, as soon as the bowl is out; so consider as thee thinkest proper: if thou orderest me to fill the bowl, I shall know what thou meanest, and will not only immediately obey thee, but will also fully make good my word.—

The officer here, gave him a note of understanding, and immediately communicated this proposal to his trusty companion: who, after some private confabulation, agreed to the captain's proposal, and the former of these two, gave him, as he had hinted, a signal for the bowl; which was compounded with in a minute.—As soon as this was ordered, the quaker gave his instruct-

instructions to his mate accordingly ; and a boat was presently haul'd up close a stern, and was put off again for shore before the bowl was near consum'd.—

Our honest friend *Obadiab Mousetrap* (being informed by his mate, and thoroughly satisfy'd with what in this interval had been transacted) produced the green purse, and delivered it to the person to whom he had promised.—But, O dire disappointment ! and confusion !—Behold the uncertainty of this world, instead of real gold, in honest weighty guineas, imposter'd brass supplied their place.—At sight and proof of this, how did the invenom'd tongues of the deceiv'd begin to rave ? their eyes struck fire, and their whole disappointed frames began to shake with resentment.—Our good friend, *Obadiab Mousetrap*, being assisted by the spirit, soon found a way to cool their intemperate passions.—I perceive, says he, my friends, that you have been deceived in me, as I have been in you, and have understood in earnest, what I meant in jest : Is it reasonable to imagine (I appeal to your own reflection) that I could be so weak as to give you a purse of real gold for the good services of drinking up my property ? No, I think not ! however, as you were both strangers to me, I had a mind to make tryal of your honesty ; I knew that you
would

would think I had some illicit business to transact, worthy of giving such a present, for an opportunity to do it in: but, ye are both mistaken, I never wrong'd my king nor my country in my life; I look upon you both, as persons that have infamously forfeited the trust, reposed in you, and are liable of being severely punish'd for it; which, if I was to be as cruel to you (by informing against you) as you have been to me, by suspecting that I would wrong the king of his due, that must unavoidably be the case:—But I scorn such an action; though, I despise your principles. However, my friends, I would admonish you to be more honest, and more upon your guard for the future, which will effectually compleat my good intention by this experiment.

Insolence and Cowardice Companions.

Distraction heartens fear in desperate deeds,
 Constraint in coward thoughts rash valour breeds.

INSOLENCE and cowardice generally attend each other, but true valour is only to be found in the breast of the humane.

Over-

overbearing people in office, are too fond of lording it over mankind, and pity it is that too much power is invested in those kind of people. A noble, generous spirit, shews its resentment at a seasonable opportunity, as in the case of the story before us. Mr. *British*, had it in his power to resent the affront at the time the indignity was offered, but knowing too well the laws of his country, put up with the disgrace till such time as his commander's superiority ceased. Then, and not till then, the proof was too conspicuous, which of the two were cowards.

CAPT. *Bounce* was some years commander of a man of war in the royal navy, but bore the character of being an imperious and cruel tyrant. Happening to be stationed in a squadron in the *West-Indies*, he carried so tyrannical a sway on board his ship, that all his officers paid little or no obedience to their warrants, and many of them were about to throw them up, rather than be villain-rid by such a tyrant; when the following accident happened.—One day, this honourable and killing-captain *Bounce*, being ashore at *Port-Royal* in *Jamaica*, Mr. *British*, his youngest lieutenant, having some business there also, obtained leave of his brother, the eldest lieutenant, (who, in
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course, had the command when the captain was out of the ship) to go on shore to transact it; and being in a coffee-house, some hours after, who should come in, but captain *Bounce*, his magnanimous commander. As soon as he saw him, Mr. *British*, in a very polite and respectful manner, saluted him with his hat, which was as scornfully received by the captain; who, (after strutting two or three times about the room, to shew the dignity of his deportment) instead of returning the compliment, demanded in a very haughty and insolent strain, what business he had on shore without his leave?—Mr. *British* replied, sir, if I had not had business to transact, I should not have come on shore.—Who gave you leave to come out of the ship? cries our mighty man of power.—Why, the first lieutenant, sir, replies Mr. *British*.—Why then, (says the captain) I command you to go directly on board again.—Sir, says the lieutenant, I have not yet done my business for which I came on shore, nor can I this hour or two, but as soon as I can dispatch it I will.—Damme, sir! reply'd the captain, I'll make you know that I am your commander, and I don't care whether you have done your business or not, you shall go immediately on board, or else damme I'll punish you.—Sir, reply'd

ply'd the lieutenant, you may proceed as you think proper, I know my duty as well as you know yours.—Damme, sir, (says our sovereign captain) don't you be sawcy, but go directly on board, as I command you, or, damme, Sir, I shall cane you.—No, sir, (replies the other) I fancy you know better than to do that.—Sir, (said the captain again, swelling like a turkey-cock) do you dare me to it?—No, sir, replies the lieutenant, I have no reason to do that; I suppose you will not offer to do that which you cannot answer.—Damme, sir, cries the bold captain, (in a very great passion) you are impudent! but if you do not go on board this minute, as I order you, I'll break your bones, you scoundrel!—sir, replies Mr. *British*, you may use your pleasure.—And so, sir, (demands the captain again) you will not obey my command? Damme, sir, but I'll make you, for all your high spirit; I shall soon pull it down, I'll warrant you.—With that, he began laying on him with his cane very heartily, and, (as I before observed) in a publick coffee-room.—The lieutenant never offered to lift his hand again, or to oppose his blows in any sense, but retreated out of the coffee-room in the best manner he could, and the captain pursued him, with his active cane, to the very door; and then

he return'd, strutting and blustering, and as proud of his victory, as though he had killed a giant.—D—n 'em, (says he) these impertinent lieutenants are come to such a pitch of insolence, that they think themselves as good as their commanders, but I'll make them know the difference, and teach them otherwise, (at least those that belong to me) or I'll serve them as they deserve.—Thus he ran on, seemingly as dissatisfied as though he had taken no vengeance at all for the above monstrous indignity; but the prudent young gentleman had no sooner received his drubbing, but he went directly into his boat, and (as he was commanded) immediately on board his ship, where he informed his brother-officers of this rencounter with his captain; and, on the first lieutenant's demanding of him how he intended to proceed, (in order to obtain a satisfaction for his ill usage) he answered, that he should not have come so soon on board again, (nor, at least, till he had done his business, for which he went on shore) but that he wanted a certain instrument of parchment, that was in his escutore, and hoped that he would give him leave to go on shore again directly, because his business was now with the commodore.—The lieutenant knew his meaning,

ing, and told him he might go and welcome, if he pleased.

He then went into his cabbin, and out of his escrutore he took his warrant, and went with it immediately to the house of the commodore, who (as is customary for commanders in chief of a station'd squadron) lived constantly on shore, in a house facing the harbour; from whence, by an ensign, he could make a signal to his ship at pleasure. Mr. *British* finding the commodore at home, sent in his name and duty to that officer, desiring leave to speak with him, on very particular business, he was immediately admitted.—Well sir, says the commodore, what may be your commands with me?—May it please your honour (replies Mr. *British*) this is the first time I was ever in the *West-Indies*, and I find it so far disagrees with my constitution, that I must beg leave to resign up my warrant, for I am, at present, so far indisposed, that I am incapable of serving his majesty as I ought, and my intentions are to go for *England* the first opportunity.—Come, sir, (says the commodore) I fancy I can see into the true cause of your desiring, at present, to quit his majesty's service; your captain, and you, I am apt to think, may not agree so well as you ought; he is a very unplea-

fant man to serve under, I own, and not very agreeable to his officers in particular. However sir, if there is any such meaning in the present case, and you'll acquaint me with it freely, I'll give you my honour you shall have that justice done you, which your cause deserves.—Sir, replies the lieutenant, I thank your honour for your kind proposal, but I have no complaint against my captain in the least; I am above that, I do assure you, and my desires and inclinations are for my native air, which I hope will again enable me to accept the honour of re-entering his majesty's service to my own satisfaction and the credit of my endeavours. — Well, sir (says the commodore) be it as you please; and I heartily wish you a better state of health, but I can't help doubting the ingenuity of your reasons for giving up your commission, and would willingly do any thing in my power to put things upon a right footing.—Mr. *British* thanked him for his proffer'd good office, and desired the favour of a line to the commander of his late ship, for the use of his long-boat to put his things on shore for him, which the commodore immediately ordered his secretary to write for him. After he had taken his leave of that officer, he went with his order again on board, and

and informing the officers there, with what he had done, and that he was now no longer their ship-mate, they all rejoiced at it, and applauded his spirit, and then drank a parting bowl, to the good success of his prudent and noble determination; and after having all his things put into the boat, he very politely took his leave of the whole ship's company (who all expressed their concern for the loss of so worthy a man) and made again for shore.

As soon as the valiant captain *Bounce* came again on board, all his officers attended to accommodate him at his entrance into the ship, as usual, but missing our young hero, Mr. *British*, amongst the number, he calls to his first lieutenant with an accent of terror,—(or, perhaps fear;)—where is Mr. *British*? Is he not on board?—No, sir reply'd the lieutenant he asked me leave to go on shore, to transact some particular business, and some hours after, he came on board again, with a written order from the commodore, to put all his things on shore, and told us, that he no longer was a ship-mate here; there, sir, is the commodore's order.—

At this, our bullying captain began to draw conclusions, and turned as pale as death.

—Sir, said he, to the lieutenant, did he say any thing to you, of what happened

to-day on shore? —No, sir, (replied he) only that he found himself out of order, and design'd to go to *England* the first opportunity.—After the captain had asked what questions his impatience had forced him to, and gaining but little satisfaction from the answers, he desired the first lieutenant's company to sup with him that night, (in order to pump him a little further, for he was plaguy uneasy) which the lieutenant accepted of.—After supper was over, says the captain to him, I fancy that Mr. *British* has quitted the service on account of what happened to day between him and me, at such a coffee-house; and, if so, I am very sorry for it; but, d—m—e, he was very saucy to me, and my passion carried me so far as to strike him for it; but I am very sorry he has laid down his warrant, because I would have made him amends, and would have been his friend towards his promotion, had he continued in my ship; and now it may be a great while, perhaps, before he gets another; but, however, if he does not leave the island soon, I'll use my interest with the commodore in his behalf.—Thus he ran on with his deceitful insinuations for some time; but it was fourteen days after this, before he durst venture again out of his ship; at the expiration of about that time, imagining, there might be no great danger,

danger, he ordered out his barge, and went directly on shore to the same coffee-house, to sound how the affair stood, and to inform himself whether Mr. *British* was sailed for *England* or not. But, scarce was he got out of his barge, before Mr. *British* was informed of it; for he had employed several proper persons to keep a continual look-out for him; so that he was almost as soon at the coffee-house as our mighty captain *Bounce*, who is now just upon the point of shewing his magnanimity. — As soon as Mr. *British* saw his creditor, the captain, (who was magnificently garnished out with scarlet and gold) he salutes him with his hat, in the following manner: noble captain *Bounce*, your humble servant, I am extremely glad to see you, for I began to despair of ever setting eyes on you again. — The captain, a good deal surpriz'd and shock'd at this, turn'd about, pull'd off his hat, and with his hand almost to the ground, ran to meet him. — Dear sir! (says he) I am infinitely glad to see you; I was told you were going for *England*; and, if so, I wish you a very good passage, and heartily beg your pardon for the ill treating of you in this room, the last time I saw you; and which had not happened, but that I had been cross'd in my temper before, and put into so violent a passion, that I was not master of my reason; and therefore, sir, I

hope you'll think no more of it.— Sir, replies the lieutenant, to be brief, either you or I must immediately quit this room. Now, sir, as I was obliged to give place to you, the last time I was here, I look upon it as reasonable that you should do the same at present to me.—Here the captain began to look very foolish, (if we can suppose such a look from a captain of a man of war.)—But Mr. *British*, not staying for an answer, clapp'd his left hand upon his sword, to let the captain see that it was ready, and with his right hand began to cane him, as hard as he was able to lay him on; and, notwithstanding the blows fell so thick, that he could guard but very few of them, he never offered to strike one blow in return, or to lay his hand to his sword, (which, was then by his side), either to defend or oppose it; but, with the greatest cowardly confusion, cry'd out,—Damme, sir, what do you mean?—And,—Damme, sir, what's this for?—And with these words he retreated out of the coffee-room. But Mr *British* was not contented here, with barely keeping the field of battle, but kept pursuing of his flying enemy, with many a heavy stroke, down to his very boat; who, like a lusty fellow, called out to his boat's crew, as loud as he could, for assistance; and several of them, (though much against their wills) were coming to obey his command, when

when the young gentleman, (still caning of their captain) call'd out to them,—Look ye, gentlemen, if either of you shall offer to come near me, to oppose the justice of my vengeance, I'll that moment shoot him dead on the spot. — Here he drew a pistol out of his pocket with his left hand, and continued still drubbing the good captain with his right ; so that the boat's crew hearing this threat, and seeing the pistol ready in his hand, return'd to their boat, and with an inward joy beheld their worthy commander fairly drubb'd into his very barge; and all that any of them offered to do in his defence, (after the above menace) was to call out to Mr. *British*, (with a kind of sneer) pray, sir, don't kill the captain! for heaven's sake, sir, don't murder the captain! and so on, to that effect, till he jump'd into his barge.—And then, Mr. *British* pull'd off his hat to him, saying,—Now, noble captain, we are even; and if you have any further demand upon me, I am to be heard of at such a place, and will attend you upon the least notice; and, so, sir, I wish you well on board, and am, from this minute, your humble servant,—most valiant captain. — To which the captain reply'd (adjusting himself in the barge, and with an accent of disgust) Damme, sir, I shall remember you! — Mr. *British* made answer, I think, indeed,

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you now have a right so to do, and if you are not satisfied with my genteel treatment of you, in return of your late good behaviour, you need only call upon me captain at what other time you please, and you may depend upon a second part to the same tune.

The few bilk'd and double bilk'd.

All men that are in love deal with the devil;
Only with this difference, he that dotes
Upon a woman, is absolutely possess;
And he that loves the least, is haunted
With a familiar.—Love is such a wealth
As must be gain'd by free consent; not stealth.

NCESSITY (the mother of invention) too often puts people upon the means of seeking out a redress to restore them to their former happiness. Love at first sight is apt to be most predominate, and oftentimes, till reason is called to our assistance, we are inclin'd to be over biaßed by its powerful prevalence. The better to elucidate the subject, the following story is submitted to the candour of my reader.

Mr.

Mr. *Lovemore*, a young gentleman of a pretty little estate, and son to a very rich merchant, fell in love with *Narcissa*, a very beautiful young lady, but of little or no fortune. And in some small time after marry'd her. His father was so disgusted at the match, that he resolved not to part with a shilling; but vow'd he would disinherit him for his marrying without his consent. Many of *Lovemore's* friends endeavoured to reconcile the old gentleman to them, by all the arguments they could possible make use, of but all to no purpose.— In short, the amorous bridegroom, had nothing but the love of his charming and dear *Narcissa* to support him under this unfortunate disgrace. However, the wedding being over, and he master of about 400 pounds *per ann.* that was left him by an uncle, he resolved to taste all the pleasures that life and his little fortune could bestow on him. He, therefore, set up his chariot, and made an appearance in a very elegant and splendid manner, rather beyond his income; so that, in a small time they began to be necessitous. But as fortune favour'd their loves, they proved successful at last for life, even beyond their expectations.

Narcissa was one night at some public place of entertainment, where Mr. *Zorobabel*, a
prodi-

prodigious rich *Jew*, happening to fix his eyes upon hers, was not able to withstand the temptation. After some reflection, he concluded to himself, that whether she was married or not, the puissance of his purse was sufficient to attempt any thing of that sort; and, therefore, taking courage, (though he knew that his own circumcised person was none of the beautifull'st) he very complaisantly addressed himself to her. *Narcissa*, not in the least gueſſing at his amorous intentions, answered with a pleasant and easy freedom; which the *Jew* took for a very good omen. From this night, the old inflam'd letcher began to place his spies, took all the opportunity he could to follow her to all public places, (except to church) and endeavoured to entertain her with his unchristian-like addressees. It was some time before *Narcissa* had any suspicion of his designs. But at last she conceived his purpose, and being willing to be satisfied of the truth of her conjecture, she began to be less reserved; and to converse more freely with him: this gave him an opportunity of declaring himself, and soon discovered to her the whole scheme, which (as my reader will find) did not afford her a trifling satisfaction for she determined not only to encourage his amour, but likewise to have some very good diversion with him.

Accord-

Accordingly when she came home, she with a good deal of pleasant raillery, acquainted her husband with the advances of his powerful rival, and at the same time, intimated to him, her desire of carrying on the scene. To which he assented: they diverted themselves with their conceit of the humour, and the odd and ridiculous behaviour of the amorous *Zorobabel*, for some time. On the other hand, the *Jew* considered, that, (as the lady had never yet once offered the least affront towards him, nor even forbid his suit,) she gave him room to hope he should very soon succeed in his amour. But though *Narcissa* and her husband, had no other views at first, than to tantalize him a little for their own diversion, and to laugh, and amuse themselves with his ridiculous and coltish actions; yet, to poor *Zora's* cost and disgrace, their purpose was soon changed; one day, they were telling the whole affair to one Mr. *Waggish*, (a young gentleman, who was their intimate friend and acquaintance) and how the good *Jew* would set and sigh! and ogle; and play all the pretty monkey-tricks imaginable. *Waggish* had no sooner heard their relation, (being a man of wit and spirit) but he was transported beyond description, which was partly occasioned by a thought that instantly occurred to him. Therefore, in order to im-

improve the present prospect to their advantage, he delivered himself as follows.

Egad! *Jack*, I could tell you how this affair might be managed greatly to your advantage. And, I know very well, (if you will excuse my freedom) that affairs, will by-and-bye, be but very indifferent with you, except you can make it up with your father; I do not think it can be any crime to over-reach this old liquorish *Israelite*. And egad! I have a thought come into my head, that, were it well manag'd, would make a man of thee for ever.—How, prithee?—cries *Lovemore*.—Explain thyself.—Why, (replies *Waggish*, addressing himself to *Narcissa*) it must depend wholly upon you, madam; if you can have resolution and courage enough, to put my scheme in execution, I would really try what I could make of him. The *Jews* are a people that make no conscience in buying and selling the whole world; and frequently substitute all prospects whatsoever, to that of lucre. Therefore, the crime will be the less, (if there be any in it) in making a reprisal upon him. Besides, his attempts are dishonourable, unwarrantable, and unlawful to the last degree. I would therefore, carry on the farce with all the resolution, secrecy, and art that is possible. First, madam, I would give him
great

great encouragement, to raise in him an insupportable desire; then get a good round sum from him, and afterwards bilk him. Egad! *Jack*, he can spare money; and thou, I am sure, want it. If thy good spouse here, and thyself have but courage enough, you may easily manage things to your wish, and with that unsuspected art may you proceed, as even to admit him (by appointment) to your bed: You, *Jack*, being posted in a proper place, and at a certain signal given by *Narcissa*, may instantly rush in upon them, with a witness or two with you, and wind up the plot to your satisfaction. You, immediately must counterfeit a rage; *Narcissa* begs for mercy; the *Jew*, in the utmost surprise and despair, will offer you your own terms, and so, you may make your market. If the old adulterer should not propose a satisfaction equal to your wish, why then, you have it still in your power to force him to it: Enter your action at common law, it is but you and your spouse's parting, till the issue is decided: And then your generous forgiveness and mutual continuance, will unravel the plot, open the eyes of the spectators, and take off all the odium from your lady's reputation. From this, the *Jew* (as being a very heinous transgressor, by his villainous attempt) will be very
justly

justly turn'd the subject of their laughter ; all the town will applaud your justice, courage, and conduct ; and rejoice at your success. Now I would have you both reflect upon it, and also consider the consequences of your neglecting it. You both love one another ; have lived pretty fast ; your income but small ; and that, I am certain too, is reduced ; (excuse my freedom, I must now speak my mind, and depend upon your friendship) your father's not reconciled ; and much to be doubted if he ever will ; your creditors, by-and-bye will grow impatient ; and you being unable to satisfy them, ruin immediately must follow : This scheme may, (if properly managed) prevent all this, and raise you up to a happy independancy : And, if it is in my power to assist you, in any respect, you may command me. But I must remind you of this ; remember, *Jack*, you want money ; the *Jew* has enough to spare, and his rascally attempt deserves no less a punishment than I have hinted to you.

When Mr. *Waggish* had ended what he had to say, *Lovemore* and his wife began to look at one another very gravely ; as though they would ask each other's thoughts on this subject, with their eyes only. At length the husband broke silence, and ask'd his beloved *Narcissa*,—what she thought of it ?

it? Who answer'd, with some confusion, (after a little pause) that, she was at a loss what to say for she thought it was a subject of too great concern to be answer'd without being duly weighed.

Well, to whet their appetites, and give them a better relish to the banquet, he had invited them to, Mr. *Waggish* gave them a second lesson to the same purpose, though, with some few new arguments; and then, taking his leave, left them to reflect upon the whole.

After they had scrutinized a little into the affair between themselves; and weigh'd the arguments of their friend, as above related: in the strictest manner, that the circumstances, on each side would possibly admit of, they determin'd if possible to put it in execution. Accordingly, the next night, she being at the play, happen'd to meet with her devoted *Zoro* there, and gave him an opportunity of having some private discourse with her. Which happy interval transported him beyond imagination; and very amorous he was, both in his eyes and tongue. At length, when the play was over, he humbly demanded of her, if she was going directly home: She answering in the affirmative, he very politely offer'd her his service to escort her out; and she ordering her servant to get her a chair, he

he also complimented her with the offer of his coach to set her down; which she not absolutely refusing, he immediately conducted her to it. This was a happiness he could hardly expect: however, as fortune is sudden in her favours, as well as her frowns, she here smil'd upon him, tho' with a very deceitful eye, as my reader may suppose, from what has been already said. When he was got into the coach with her, he found himself so enamour'd with her, that it was impossible for him to hold out any longer; therefore, with all the eloquence he was master of, he endeavour'd with his tongue to unfold all that his eyes had strove to say before. He vow'd and swore a thousand tender things: Amongst the rest, in order to sound her inclination on that head, he endeavoured to express how much he lamented her being a married woman, and was it not for that (as fearing her husband's knowing, or disapprobation of it) he would make bold to offer her a present, if she would vouchsafe to accept it, worthy of her wearing. Otherwise, if she would please to purchase it herself, and keep it for his sake, he would humbly entreat her to accept of a bank note, for that purpose, and lay it out in something to her own liking.

To

To this, she return'd him such a kind of answer as fill'd the old dotard with great hopes, raptures, and expectations. Out he lugs his pocket-case, and presented her with a piece of paper, worth an hundred pounds. Declaring, at the same time, that were he master of the whole world, he should desire no greater blessing with it, than for her to share it with him. And if that her angelic goodness would interpret that small present as not unwelcome from his hands, (who really lov'd her beyond expression) he should always, not only remember her goodness, but would also make it his study to reward her kindness.— With such low sniffling cant as this, he entertain'd her all the while they were in the coach together.

As soon as they came to the lady's door, and the servant had rung the bell, *Love-more* being at home before her, came to receive his spouse ; seeing she was come home in a strange gentleman's coach, he presently conjectur'd whose it was, and went immediately and handed her out of it ; but she giving him the wink, address'd him thus. — My dear, I have been to night at the play ; and not being able to get a chair, this gentleman was so kind as to set me down with his coach ; or else I don't know how I should have got home. Here *Love-*
more

more return'd him his very unfeign'd thanks; and desired he would walk in and drink a glass of wine with him. Which after some intreaty, the *Jew* consented to; after drinking a glass or two, and chating some little time about indifferent things, upon a further invitation (and he did not want a great deal of it) he staid and supp'd with them.— During the whole time they were at supper, the poor flaming *Zorobabel* could not keep his piercing eyes off those of the charming *Narcissa*. And when she chanc'd to exchange a glance (which she frequently did on purpose) their sudden radiance was cast upon him with such a heavenly smile, as was almost too exquisite for him to endure. All this was carelessly observ'd by *Love-more*; and which gave him much inward satisfaction; as well as diversion: for, it must certainly have been very entertaining to an indifferent spectator, to see an old swarthy, cross ey'd letcher, rolling his blinking ogling eyes; champing, and licking his blubber lips; and acting with all the affected effeminence imaginable, the insipid and ridiculous airs of a conceited boyish lover. And such was now our inflam'd *Zorobabel*. After supper was over, and the cloth taken away, whether it was the effects of her hundred-pound note; or, whether she was transported with the lively
compa-

company of her charming *Zoro*, I can't tell, but so it was, that the agreeable *Narcissa* was in so musical a mood, that she could not avoid shewing it, by several low kind of flourishes with her skilful and melodious voice, which, indeed was excessive sweet. This her husband taking notice of (in order to entertain his generous new guest in the most agreeable manner he could) begg'd of her to oblige him with a song. She reply'd, perhaps it may not be agreeable to Mr. *Zorobabel*?——But, being assured by him, of the contrary, (for this reply of hers, he took for a promising compliment) and he also soliciting for the same favour, she demanded, what song she should sing. Which being left to her own choice, she reply'd——My dear, if it will be agreeable I'll give you that which you made and complimented me with the day after our wedding night. Mr. *Zorobabel* (said she, turning to the *Jew*) you must know Mr. *Lovemore* is a poet, now and then; and I am going to give you a specimen of his works.——Here she presented them with the following air; and which she sung in a most delightful and excellent manner.

Tune.

Tune. Too plain dear Youth.

I.

*When fair Narcissa first appear'd,
 (Her Eyes no star more bright ;)
 Eager I gaz'd ! but yet I fear'd
 T' approach their dazzling light !
 I stood and sigh'd, while in my breast
 A thousand Cupid's play'd ;
 There round my heart they wove a nest,
 And plac'd this charming maid.*

II.

*I felt the little flutt'ring things,
 In wanton sport's employ'd ;
 And while they wav'd their fanning wings,
 A thousand thoughts convey'd !
 At length I spake ; she, with a smile,
 Rewarded all my pain ;
 As both our hearts were free from guile,
 She plighted love again.*

III.

*With pleasing flames our bosoms glow,
 Narcissa's all my care ;
 Our mutual loves by nature flow,
 To each an equal share :
 When she is gay, I too am pleas'd,
 When she is sad, I mourn ;
 Our hearts alike are sympathiz'd ;
 In equal moods we burn.*

During

During the time of *Narcissa's* performance, in singing this song, the enamour'd *Zorobabel's* eyes twinkled and sparkled like those of an old blind mastiff, when half a sleep, and half awake; and his chop's so water'd at her, that he could not keep his mouth from running over. The poetry was so palpably expressed by her, and the musick of the tune managed so ravishingly, that she effectually blow'd up all the amorous fire in his breast, till it was well nigh bursting into an open blaze. As she frequently addressed her looks and actions to him while she sung it, he took it for granted, that many compliments which were expressed in the song, were directed to him, and returned them to her, by a thousand insinuating and ridiculous looks and gestures, and likewise, after the song was ended, by a number of encomiums on her musical voice and judgment. Thus they spent the remainder of the night till near one in the morning, when the poor enslaved *Jew* return'd home, a thousand times more in love than ever; and *Narcissa* informed her husband of all that had passed between her and her lover that night, not forgetting the bank note; nor was it above a day or two, before he made an excuse to call a gain, on pretence of some very strange news he had received intelligence of

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from some remote part of the globe, — Either *Constantinople* was removed into the *Indies*, or the dominions of the *Mogul* were brought into *Spain*; or, some such new-invented stuff. But what incoherent shape or air will not love put on to favour its attempts. This visit being made about ten o'clock in the morning, he now staid and breakfasted with them; that is, he drank a dish or two of their tea, &c. — And after some time, talking of many indifferent things, the *Jew* happened to fall into a digression on the taste of *Narcissa's* china; and she saying that she was very fond of good china, love had so opened his heart, and relaxed the strings of his purse, that he told her, if she would please to accept of it, he would make her a present of a set of china to her own taste, whenever she pleas'd. — To which she reply'd: — china is a kind of furniture that I was always fond of; tho' indeed, at present, we have but little. But if Mr. *Lovemore* will give me leave, I'll now take you at your word, and thank you too. —

To this *Lovemore* answer'd, with all my heart, my dear! If Mr. *Zorobabel* has a mind to make you a present of a set of china, you shall not say that I deprieved you of it. — Thank you my dear! (reply'd *Narcissa*) then, Mr. *Zorobabel*, I'll try your generosity,

generosity, and accept of your offer, when you please.—Nay, madam, (answered the *Jew*) you shall chuse them yourself, and I'll attend you, when you please, to pay for them.—O sir! replies she, there's no time like the time present.—With all my heart, madam, (returned the *Jew*) I am ready to make good my word.—After she had dressed herself, as she thought proper, into the *Jew's* coach they went, and drove away for the city, to the inexpressible joy of our good flesh-monger *Zorababel*, who was now resolved neither to spare cost or pains to accomplish his righteous ends. Accordingly, they were no sooner got from *Love-more's* door, than our friend *Zoro* drew up both the blinds of the coach, and began to squeeze *Narcissa* by the hand, and to expound his passion for her in the most pathetic and moving manner he was capable of. To all which *Narcissa* took a special care not to give him too much room to hope, nor otherwise to despair, but rather seemed to understand it all as gallantry and romance; which conduct absolutely answered her end; for it heightened his desire, and urged on his passion a thousand times the more. The stronger to convince her that his love for her was sincere, he would not content himself with purchasing for her a china equipage for tea and coffee

F 2

only,

only, but also (since she was fond of china) he would present her with a set sufficient to furnish out a large table for two courses, and a dessert; with dishes, plates and sauce-boats, all compleat; the whole purchase amounting to above an hundred guineas. For which kind gift *Narcissa* expressed a very sensible obligation, declaring she would never forget his generosity.——This confession of hers the *Jew* thought look'd too favourable to pass unregarded; and that the present opportunity appeared too precious to be wasted. Therefore, the china being paid for, and directed to be sent to *Lovemore's* house directly, the *Jew* and *Narcissa* enter'd again their coach; when he proposed, and urged to her all the arguments he could to persuade her to go with him to his own house, and there to view his collection, which he assured her was a very good one; and that she should be welcome to any thing she should there happen to like. But this bait would by no means take. In answer to that request, she urged reputation, and the hazard she should thereby run, of being observed, and its coming to her husband's ears. Upon which he declined that point, but took this for a downright confession of her love, and therefore begg'd leave to aspire to her lips, to which she gave him but very little repulse; this

this transporting rapture blow'd him up indeed ! for now he became quite distracted with desire, and his passion was by no means to be restrained. His fortune, nay, his life, was now too little to hazard for the prize. His soul ! his heart ! his whole estate were all at her command. And would she but return his love, he, and all that belonged to him, was at her disposal.—Finding him thus ripe in his folly, *Narcissa* reflected, that since she had, at her husband's request, undertaken this disagreeable task ; this now was a crisis, which if slipp'd, might not be recovered, and therefore to prove her resolution and fortitude, she resolved, with all the prudence and caution she was mistress of, to improve it to her best advantage, and then to leave it to her husband's discretion hereafter. At length, when the importunate *Zoro* addressed her again, she managed him so artfully, by the following discourse, that she gained from him a most masterly and significant point. Said she,—sir, you have made me a most solemn declaration of your unfeigned love and constancy ; and you have given me some reason, by the two considerable presents you have made me, that what you have advanced may really be true ; but you'll be pleased to consider, that what I am going to say to you may deserve the most serious

and weighty regard. Suppose my desire, or gratitude, or both should incline me to favour your request, what, sir, must be the consequence of such an assent? putting out of the question the heinousness of the sin, which by the laws of God and man, is capital and deadly, which thought is sufficient to stagger any thinking person with unutterable apprehension, yet this to me, is not so terrible as the following occurrences. Mr. *Lovemore*, who is one of the best of men, married me without the least prospect of any portion with me; by which means he has disobliged the best of fathers, who had it in his power to have possessed him of a very plentiful fortune; which he certainly would have done, had he married with his consent. Though Mr. *Lovemore's* income at present, is not very considerable, yet, to me, it is the same as though it was ever so great: for he is so good, that he never debars me either of pleasure, or any thing else that I think proper to ask for. But as he took me without a fortune, so I married him with a settlement. And therefore, if he should by any means discover my amour with you, I should not only deserve his hate; forfeit my whole reputation; and be despised by all my own and his relations; but should also be in danger of perishing for want.

For-

Fortune I have none, of my own; settlement I have none; nor any dependance of any to come; and to be cast off, and despised by the whole world, in the utmost poverty and indigence, what must become of me? though I should love you as perfectly as Mr. *Lovemore* now doats on me, what could that avail me? You, sir, (after enjoyment) might serve me, as my husband, and the rest of the world had done before; forsake me with loathing and contempt. Yes! even, though for you I had hazarded and suffered all this. Plung'd from a state of plenty, happiness, and content, to that of indigence, misery, and contempt. These, sir, are reflections sufficient to check the warmest inclinations; and conquer such desires.

All the while *Narcissa* was making this probable discourse, the conscientious *Jew* could hardly contain his transport; for he took it as a plain confession of her love: and concluded within himself, that nothing would deter her from granting his desire, but her want of a future provision; for fear she should be discovered and discarded by her husband. And therefore he resolved, that if this conjecture was right, he would immediately remove that impediment; in doing of which, he should likewise inform himself how well, or ill, his

present hopes were grounded. Being now resolved to gain her, (if possible) at any rate, he replies to her as follow :—

My dear madam ! you seem to be under very dreadful apprehensions, (should you grant me a return of love) least I might forsake you, and plunge you into a state of misery and want ; but, to convince you of the contrary, I will this hour (if you will gratify my request) present you with a sufficiency to maintain you genteely, and independent of the whole world, so long as you live.—Pray, sir, replies *Narcissa*, explain yourself.—Why, my dear angel ! (answered the *Jew*) if you will grant me the blest pleasure of enjoyment, I will this day, (if it can be done) however, tomorrow at farthest, make a transfer to you, and to your sole use for ever, of one hundred pounds *per ann.* capital stock, in any of the public funds you shall chuse ; and which will cost me five or six and twenty hundred pounds. If it should ever happen that your husband should by any means part with you, I will then double this income to you, for life : And you shall want for nothing that this world can give. All I shall ever ask of you is your love ; and I would purchase it with all that life and wealth is worth.

Here

Here *Narcissa* paused for some time: while the *Jew* still pursued his arguments. At length she reply'd,——sir, I cannot but say you are very deserving of my love, and all that I can ever do will be how to serve and oblige you. Since you have been so generous as to make me this proposal, if you will make good your word, and settle this transfer upon me, according to your own offer, I will fix a time to give you all the satisfaction that is in my power. Mr. *Lovemore* (continued she) goes out of town next week for some time; and then, if you will leave the whole matter to me, I will dedicate the interval of his absence entirely to your pleasure, at which time we will settle affairs the best we can for the future.——

At this gracious assurance, the ravished *Zorobabel* flew to her lips, and almost suffocated her with his odious embrace; vowing by the mighty *Jehovah*, that he would go and employ a broker to make the settlement that afternoon, and the next day, if she would meet him, she should see it settled. That it should be made over in her own name, and to be disposed of, for ever, as she should hereafter think proper.——To this she consented, and, according to his appoint-

appointment, she met him the next day at the same china-shop, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. This being concluded and finished according to their agreement the day before, she promised him a faithful place in her memory, and vow'd, by all the joys of love! to inform him instantly of her husband's departure, as soon as he was set forth upon his journey. All things seeming now to their mutual satisfaction, the transported *Jew* took an amorous kiss, as earnest of his bargain, and then they parted.

When the charming and artful *Narcissa* came home, and had told her dear husband of all that had pass'd, as above; let my judicious readers suppose, or guess, if they can, their mutual rejoicings; and particularly *Lovemore's* unspeakable approbation of his *Narcissa's* good conduct; they reflected, and talked over again and again all that their friend *Waggish* had advanced upon that subject, especially concerning the *Jew's* unwarrantable and villanious attempts; and their own prospect of approaching necessity. After debating and arguing the matter as deliberately as they could between them, they found the history, in short, was justly painted in the very colours that *Waggish* had presented it; and there-

therefore they determined to execute his plan, with very little alterations.

Accordingly, the next day, *Narcissa* ratified her promise, by meeting with the *Jew*; and he actually fulfilled his liberal engagement to her that he had made the day before, by passing her of five and twenty hundred pounds, capital stock, in new *South-Sea* annuities, which, at 4 *per Cent. per Ann.* amounts to just one hundred pounds, which was just the sum he had promised. After this important act was finished, she had no room to deny drinking a single glass of wine with him; into a tavern the generous and impatient *Jew* conducts her; and after some free confabulation together, he fain would have taken possession of her beauteous person. But, a-lack-a-day! there were a world of impediments to go through before that could be accomplished, *viz.* the seller had no right nor authority to dispose of herself; and consequently could make over no good title to the purchaser. As the true owner held her in his possession, we may suppose he must first be ejected out by law, before another had any right to possess her. Besides, he being advised of these truths before, it must be incurring a preliminary, and committing a vile and treacherous seduction in attempting to purloin by bribery,

the property of another out of the hands of the trustee, and thereby, contriving and abetting the most scandalous and effectual breach of trust. These, and many other points might certainly be urged against him. But the unshaken and trusty *Narcissa*, looking upon herself as wholly and solely the right of her lord and master, resolved to give as little sanction as possible to his entreaties till she had consulted her husband. So that, could our *Jew* but have known her heart, he would now have found himself in a very indifferent condition; though not in so bad a one, as my reader will find him presently.

Narcissa, in order to stagnate his present solicitation, began to advance and enlarge upon the approaching opportunity they should have, of gaining all they wished, when Mr. *Lovemore* was gone out of town; and (more than he expected) assured him that she had gained over her own maid to their assistance, that he might come and be secure in her own house, without the least danger of giving the neighbours any suspicion of her; either by her going out or coming in. She farther added, that if ever her husband should come to hear any thing of it, or suspect her, she should now be easier in her mind; since his goodness and generosity had perfectly enabled her
to

to live independent. At this discourse of hers, the *Jew* was thoroughly satisfied; and contented himself with viewing those pleasures he so much wished for, at that distance, which she had been pleased to place them.

After they had settled matters to their mutual satisfaction, they parted for the present; *Narcissa* being put into a chair, and having given the *Jew* assurances of her love and fidelity, returned to give her dear *Lovemore* a history of this last adventure. She had scarce began to relate the affairs, before their good friend and adviser Mr. *Waggish* knocked at the door, to whom they related all that had passed since his last visit, assured him, that if he had not come so opportunely, they must of necessity have sent for him: since he (by the friendly offer he had made) was by them fix't upon to assist them in the performance of the last act of this, his own plan. Which being now again debated by them, and thoroughly adjusted, was executed as follows:

The next week, according as she had promised the *Jew*, *Lovemore* and his friend *Waggish*, with each of them a servant, mounted their horses and went out of town, (purposely to make *Narcissa's* word good) but indeed not far. For they dined at *Barnet*, and, in short, forgot to go any further. So that, by about dark, they returned home
again

again. Being both of them conveyed to a proper place, they waited there in utter silence, and were mute witnesses of what passed between *Narcissa* and the *Jew*. I must here observe, that they were no sooner set out on their pretended long journey, but the *Jew* had intelligence of it, and the hour was appointed for his happy visit. But before that hour was come, *Lovemore* and his friend were returned, and occupied their designed ambuscade, where they saw and heard the amorous *Zorobabel* and his divine *Narcissa*, play their happy scene of love. It was not, indeed, acted in that manner which the *Jew* desir'd, for she very artfully kept him off, with a promise of future bliss, which she now limited as no farther off than the morrow night; and then he was to gather that rich harvest he had laboured so industriously for. The present visit was intended (by the confederates) only to whet his desires the keener, and so to tantalize and mortify him. Tho' vengeance was preparing for him, they were willing to indulge their spleen a little, by shewing him some glimmering and distant views of that bliss he hoped for; and then, by a trick of machinery, when the wish'd-for minute was come, to convince him (by example) that what we often call the frowns, or strokes of fate and fortune, are

are no more than the contrivances and caprice of mankind.

When the hour of eleven arrived, and the *Jew* found there was nothing farther to be done that night, being buoy'd up with the hopes of the next night's blifs, (after a great deal of silly stuff had pass'd between them) he took his leave, and made room for *Lovemore* and *Waggish* to appear. They all diverted themselves with their repetition, remarks, and animadversions of the *Jew's* ridiculous and childish behaviour. Which I shall take no farther notice of here, but pass on to give my reader the finishing account.

The impatient *Zorobabel* was punctual to the hour appointed, next evening; when he found his charming *Narcissa* in an undress, and waiting to receive him, and give him all his soul desired. The house was clear and still, and not a creature to be seen but themselves, and trusty Mrs. *Tippet*, who was in the very heart of the secret: now no time was to be lost, but every moment dedicated to the inexhaustible pleasures of love. The lady withdrew to prepare herself for bed, whilst the transported *Israelite* was delivered into the hands of the maid, who was ordered to pilot him to the happy bed of blifs, which he was no sooner tumbled into, but she carried the agreeable
news

news to *Narcissa*, who immediately entered the same apartment like an angel, all in snowy white, as though, indeed, it had been her bridal night, and she was then going to give up her delicate charms to some beautiful and youthful prince. As soon as he fixed his retrograde eyes upon her, he was well nigh swooning away with excessive rapture. His heart began to feel strange palpitations; his optics flash'd with new fire; and his whole frame was possessed of, and invaded by millions (if possible) of inexpressible apprehensions, and ravishing ideas. Her air was exquisite! her smiles heavenly! and her attire so excessively inviting, that no wonder the doating elder was transported with the sight. She, without the least affectation, threw off her upper garment, and with a countenance full of sweetness, addressed him thus:—Now, sir, 'I hope I shall soon convince you, that I ever intended to reward you according to your real desert. A few minutes, now, will prove how much I have it at heart to please you.—Here she immediately put the candle out; this being done, she instantly undress'd herself; and slipping on a bed-gown which was prepared there on purpose, she leap'd into bed, to the amorous, transported, and impatient *Zorobabel*, who that very moment was arrived

to the very summit of all his expectations; for no sooner was he sensible of his vast! vast pleasure! but, like the phantom of all wordly joys, it changed its aspect, and vanished in a moment. Jumping into bed, we'll suppose too heedlessly and precipitate, she happened to drop, or fling down upon the boards, a large bunch of keys. When at the very instant,——O dire consequence! to their shame! disappointment! and confusion! in rushed the incensed and injured *Lovemore*, and his friend *Waggish*. Here, indeed, my pen ought to stop; for how shall I attempt to describe what is not to be conceived? as soon as the husband made his sudden and furious fall upon them, booted and spurr'd, with a lighted candle in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other, let my reader judge the dreadful instantaneous change, and terrible condition of the *Jew*: especially when he heard his intended cuckold, and abused friend, break out in the following exclamation:

O thou pernicious and base traitress! is this a return for all my truth and fondness? is this the reward you deal me, for friends and fortune lost? is this the grateful wages of my constant, dearest love! of which, I thought, I could never give too much.—Nor ask enough! oh, while I vainly
imagined

imagined thy heart was truly mine, the fancied possession made me richer than all the world besides! to see thee smile, was a sight that vied with that which we conceive of paradise! but now, by thy present pollution, thou hast not only totally annihilated the immense worth of thy once spotless reputation! but hast, also dragg'd down with it, my own honour! peace of mind! and all that's valuable and precious on this side heaven! nor, either mines of gold and gems! or all the earth and sea inherit, is, in the least, sufficient to make me restitution. I am ruin'd past redemption! and as thy vile perfidy has thrown me beyond the reach and power of worlds to save me; so, likewise, will I put it, instantly, out of the power of this whole earth to give thee another hour of this vital life! or, hadst thou! wicked adulterous! fell a victim to the persuasive charms, and moving eloquence of some powerful youth, thou mightest claim some pity; but to give thy beautiful body to the loathsome embraces of that lascivious satyr! that rank! odious goat! that ravenous wolf in sheep's appearance! that nauseous boar, who abominates all swine's flesh, but that of his own foul carcase, it rends my soul to think on thy depravity. — And what canst thou say? (said he to the Jew) thou damn'd lecher! thou second

Chartres!

Chartres! is this the friendship you have so often vowed for me? and the use you make of confidence reposed? Die, you damn'd betrayer! and take the just reward of this thy falsehood.——Here he made a lunge at the poor astonish'd *Jew*, who (from their first unexpected entrance) was struck dumb with horror and amazement; but now, at this motion of *Lovemore's*, his panic was so dreadful, that he squall'd out in such a hideous shriek! that made the house shake with the dismal yell. But when the inevitable point of death's keen dart was springing (as he thought) towards him, the blow was instantly prevented by the hand of *Waggish*, who that moment seizing on *Lovemore's* arms, wrenched his sword from him; and then addressed him thus:

What would'st thou do! thou frantick rash man? wouldst thou ruin thy soul and body, to revenge thyself on two such false and treacherous creatures? who are fallen below contempt, and from whom the law will give thee ample satisfaction? leave them to their lewd corruption; and seek thou a nobler vengeance! Remember the calm proceeding you promised me, when you received the first intelligence of this their black appointment. Though I grant the abuse and provocation to be very great, yet since the laws of the realm will in some measure

measure make you a restitution, let me advise you not to involve yourself in any hazardous attempt. I do insist upon it, that you immediately suffer this gentleman to arise and dress himself, without the least assault or molestation.—Here *Lovemore* was just going to answer him; and with many outward signs of dreadful agitations. Such as grinding his teeth, shaking his head, deep sighs, and so forth; when *Waggish* laying hold of him, put him out of the room, (seemingly almost by main force) and after shutting the door upon him, he demanded of the Jew to dress himself that moment, which the poor disappointed and miserably frightened *Zorobabel* instantly complied with, uttering a multitude of thanks and acknowledgments for his friendly and timely interposition; and declaring he would not forget to make him some amends for his humanity.—During this whole scene, the charming and artful *Narcissa* was no inconsiderable performer; for her surprise, tremblings, tears, intreaties, &c. seemed so natural for one in that condition, and were express'd so feelingly, that the poor deceived Jew pitied her almost as much as himself. Being now dressed, he had not the opportunity of even taking hardly a farewell look at her, but was attended down stairs, and safely conducted out

out of the house by his preserver *Waggish*, with all the expedition that might be. No sooner was he without the door, and had repeated his thanks to his conductor, but he set out, and made for home with all the speed he was able. *Waggish* returning to *Lovemore* again, they held it not prudent that he should visit *Narcissa* any more that night, nor even give any of the servants the least room to suspect how the plot lay. The upper maid was intrusted with the secret, in behalf of her mistress and the Jew; without the least knowledge or suspicion of the cheat; and therefore, Mr. *Waggish* was impowered by *Lovemore* to give her the following orders.—That she should go directly to her mistress, and give his service to her, (*i. e.* Mr. *Waggish*) and inform her, that he had used his best endeavour with Mr. *Lovemore* to make her a visit, but without success. That he decared he would never come near her more; moreover, that he was for discharging her from *Narcissa's* service that night; but that he had prevailed upon him to the contrary, that she might comfort her lady in the best manner she could. He hoped she would compose herself as much as possible for that night, and the next day he would wait on her, with the best news he could gather; and also, do her all the service that should be in his

his

his power : that he was afraid, in spite of all his endeavours to the contrary, that his friend *Lovemore* would grow desperate; and make some rash and inconsiderate attempt; but she might assure her lady, that if he could prevail, he should not trust him out of his company all that night; by which means he should, perhaps, be able to discover his future intentions, which, if he did, he would not fail to inform her of the next time he saw her.

As soon as Mrs. *Tippet* was dispatched with this message to *Narcissa*, *Lovemore* and *Waggish* steered their course to a tavern, and after refreshing themselves with a bottle, (where they further settled the plan) they then went to bed. Poor *Narcissa* (with the usual temerity of her tender sex) began now to wish she had not consented to the execution of this inconvenient and disagreeable scheme. She needed not now, to repent the undertaking, since the worst part of it was over, with the greatest prospect of the wish'd for success. The next day, Mr. *Waggish*, with a grave and demure countenance, came to wait on her according to his promise. He having a private audience, wish'd her joy of her having gained the summit of their hopeful plan, and informed her of every step they had agreed to take.

In short, *Narcissa* was appointed to stay where she was; she saw but very little company except that of her friend *Waggish*. The report of her adultery had taken air, and all her acquaintance began to rail at, and despise her: especially her own sex, who vented their darling spleen against her, by a thousand different invectives. This was no more than what was before expected, therefore the news of it had no effect upon the constant and innocent *Narcissa*, who had undertook this disagreeable and uncommon task in compliance to her husband's request, and in hopes of a future reward. In a few days after, *Lovemore* caused the *Jew* to be arrested, in an action of damage, for ten thousand pounds, which was soon bailed; but upon further advice, being taken in bed with her, and witnesses to prove it, the adultery, he was told, would be found in law. Upon which, the poor embarrass'd *Zorobabel*! was advised to offer terms; which, at length, was harkened to: and both parties submitted to a reference, they gave the injured husband 6000 pounds, clear of all expences. Discharges were then drawn up, and executed on each side, as firm as the law could possibly express. The *Jew* having paid the money, and all things set again to rights, he was still in hopes of tasting christian flesh

flesh with his dear *Narcissa*, whose love and fidelity he did not as yet suspect; therefore, as *Lovemore* had often declared he would never co-habit with her more, he apprehended that the transfer would consequently revert back again to him and his lovely *Narcissa* besides. But, a-lack-a-day! as he experienced one dire disappointment with her before, so did he also find another in that. No sooner were all things adjusted between them, but the fond forgiving husband, no longer able to bear division from his dear *Narcissa*, recalled his former passionate vows, and though she had wronged him with a wicked and unbelieving *Jew*, yet, believing her not the worse for his use, he was willing to cancel all her faults, and restore her to his fond, forgiving, and eager embrace.

At length they appear'd again together in all public places, and their looks were as composed, and agreeable to each other, as though this misfortune had never happened. This created new subject-matter for report; now a thousand different stories and suggestions are advanced: And those who had before slandered the innocent *Narcissa*, turn'd their spleen to *Lovemore*; and called him all the contented monsters they could think of. But this kind of report did not long prevail, before they began to smell
out

out the plot ; and then the tables were immediately turn'd again. *Lovemore's* father being inform'd of the scheme, was so transported with his daughter-in-law's resolution, love, duty and constancy, that he immediately sent for them both to him, and settled upon *Narcissa* a thousand pounds a year, and restored her husband to his hereditaments and favour. This last stroke perfected the measure of all their hopes, and wholly crown'd their happiness ; by putting it out of the power of any hand, but that of fate, to cross their loves for the future.—Thus was the *Jew*, for his love of christian-flesh, bilk'd of his transfer, bilk'd of his lady, and bilk'd of his 6000 pounds. So that, we may very well say, he was bilk'd, and doubly bilk'd.



The courageous Highwayman, and honourable Colonel.

Mine honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.

RICH. III.

HOWever just the lines of my motto may appear in regard to the point of honour in the following story, it might very reasonably have been dispensed with. The true man of valour, I grant, cannot easily put up with an insult, but in competition to the distinction between the gentleman and the highwayman, it would have been very easy to reconcile the difference.—Had the brave man fell who was an ornament to his country, in the rencounter with him who was a disgrace to mankind, honour would have proved but of little advantage to the just and brave.—

It ever was allowed, that *Gordon* the highwayman was a very able and courageous man, and was an excellent spy in behalf of his own profession; he one day gaining intelligence of one colonel *Manly's* set-

setting out the next day from *London* for the *Bath*, with only one servant, resolved to give him a meeting. Accordingly, he set out very early in the morning, and made all the haste he could to get the start of him upon the road; when he had reached *Hounslow beath*, he there staid, intending to wait his coming. After waiting there some time, (and either growing impatient, or fearing he had miss'd him) he determined to return towards *London*, and endeavoured to meet him that way. Soon after seeing a poor man that was going towards *London*, called to him, and asked him, if he was going through *Hounslow*.—The man reply'd,—yes, sir.—Then, (says *Gordon* to him) stay a little, and I'll give you a note to carry there, to a gentleman; and if you'll make haste with it, I'll give you a shilling for your trouble.——The man thank'd him, and told him, he would make all the haste with it, that he possibly could.——With that, *Gordon* desired the man to hold his horse, and, jumping from his back, took from his pocket, pen, ink, and paper, and wrote as follows:

‘ Sir, having received intelligence that
‘ you were this morning to set out for *Bath*,
‘ I thought it my duty to attend you upon
‘ the road, in order to wish you a good
‘ journey; I have accordingly been upon

‘ the heath some time waiting for you, and
 ‘ will not fail to give you the meeting. If
 ‘ I had not had a very good opinion of your
 ‘ courage and honour, I should suspect
 ‘ your return upon the reception of this
 ‘ note: but as you are a soldier, and bear
 ‘ the character of a brave man, I dare not
 ‘ doubt your courage, or willingness to
 ‘ exchange a pistol-shot with any man that
 ‘ shall require it from you. You, sir,
 ‘ (doubtless) have a banker at *London*, of
 ‘ whom you can draw for what you may
 ‘ want at pleasure; and I must acquaint
 ‘ you, sir, that I have chose you, to-day,
 ‘ for mine. Therefore, shall make bold
 ‘ with one draught upon you, which I
 ‘ shall expect you will answer at sight.
 ‘ Likewise beg that you will make all con-
 ‘ venient speed, and not disappoint me;
 ‘ for I should be very sorry to have it in my
 ‘ power to report you a coward, and am
 ‘ with great respect and impatience,

‘ SIR,

‘ *Yours, &c.*

G O R D O N.

As the name of *Gordon* was as famous at
 this time, upon the road, as any of his
 calling had been for many years before, the
 Col.

Col. could be at no loss to know who his correspondent was.——To proceed regularly, he directed his letter, and told the man who was to carry it, that if he met a gentleman upon a handsome stout grey horse, and a servant in a blue livery, he should then pull off his hat to him, and ask if his honour's name was not Col. *Manly*; if he answer'd, yes; then he might give him that letter; if not, then he was to go to the sign of the crown in *Hounslow*; for there the Col. was to breakfast, if he found him there, then he was to deliver the letter into his own hand: if he was not come, then he might leave it for him at the bar, otherwise carry it on with him, if he did not intend to stop any where, whereby he was liable to miss him; then giving the poor man the shilling, he dispatched him upon his embassy, and remounted his nag. The man accordingly set forth, as fast as he could; but not meeting with any body upon the road that answered his description, he made the best of his way to the sign of the crown; there, he luckily found the Colonel, to whom he delivered the letter; who, when he had read it, was struck with the utmost amazement; and interrogated the man that brought it, with a thousand questions. He informed him the truth of every thing, as far as he knew; which was

no more than I have before told my reader: the Col. called for the landlord, and giving him the letter to read, 'asked him his opinion of it, and what he would advise him to do?

The landlord answered, that, if he might advise him, he should not pursue his journey; or, if he did, to travel some other way; for (said he) I know that he is a desperate bold fellow, and always doubly and trebly arm'd. If I should propose to get some help and go with you, in order to attempt taking him, it will signify nothing; for no-body will approve the task: he so little fears any thing of that kind, that he frequently rides through the town in open day without the least dread.—But then (replies the Col.) if I go back, the son of a whore threatens to post me for a coward.—So he might, if he would, (said the landlord) you don't put yourself upon the footing with a highwayman, I hope.—No matter for that, (reply'd the Col.) if I decline my journey, or refuse meeting him, I shall be laugh'd at, and perhaps, suspected for a coward by my acquaintance, and tho' I have above fifty guineas in my pocket, I had rather loose them every one than be made a common ridicule. Besides, I and my servant have both pistols, and if he attacks me, I am resolved to bring him down
down

down if I can. It is my duty, both towards my king, my country, and myself, to have at him, if he comes in my way.— Here his servant was called in to him, and ordered to examine his pistols. Being informed of the whole story, and after many debates had passed at this grand council of war, between the landlord, the Colonel, and his servant, they at length set out, with a full resolution to give the enemy battle. When they came upon the heath, they had not rode far before they espy'd the bold challenger, making toward them; when they came within about an hundred yards of him, the Col. and his man both drawing their pistols, kept gently on in the high road. *Gordon*, with all the composure imaginable, advanced towards them within about 60 feet, but without any sort of arms to be seen; and putting his hand to his hat, he saluted the Colonel as follows:

Good morning to your honour; I perceive, by your preparation, that you have received my letter. But I must own, that I took you for a man of more spirit, than to desire, or accept of any assistance against a single person. Besides, that fellow I know to be a dunghill; therefore, sir, if you expect a gentleman's treatment from me, you must order your servant to keep a little further off, while you and I decide

the present question; else, sir, I must be obliged to manage matters accordingly: I should be very sorry to hurt your life, but if I am obliged to engage two of you at once, you will thereby force me to that desperate turn, which is my aversion. Now sir, please to command your servant to retreat a little, and if he sees you any wise hurt or wounded, let him immediately join the battle. But I know he's a coward, and therefore, I would not willingly shed blood if I can possibly avoid it.——Here the Col. ordered his servant to keep back, and not offer to fire till he bid him. Then advancing himself towards *Gordon*, he (*i. e. Gordon*) immediately drew out a pistol, and challenged the Col. to fire. The Col. declined, and bid *Gordon* fire first, who reply'd,—No, sir, our views are different; I want not to hurt you; your money is my motive, and yours is to prevent it; which nothing but my death can accomplish. Therefore, it is your interest and duty to be first with me.——At this, the Col. immediately presented his pistol at him; which *Gordon* observing, instantly began to make his horse caper and dance about till he had fired: and the Col. missing him, he directly returned the fire, but quite over the Colonel's head, without any design to hit him. This sudden discharge from *Gordon*, put
the

the Colonel into a very great hurry for his other pistol, and which he also discharged at him with the like success. Upon which, *Gordon* rode immediately up to him.—Now, sir, (says he) I have stood the risque of your two fires without attempting your life, for that's not what I want; however, as your pistols are both empty, if your servant offers to advance one step, I'll that moment shoot you dead. Now, sir, your money is what I want, and what I must have, and then we shall part very good friends.—Upon which the Colonel reply'd, (delivering his purse) thou art a bold fellow! much good it may do thee; there it is for thee! I would not but have met thee, (after I received thy little love letter) for a thousand pounds. — He then gave him all the money he had about him, to the amount of above fifty guineas. But *Gordon* desired that the Col. would please to accept of five back again, to carry him to his journey's end; which he accordingly did; then shook hands with him, thanked him, and so they parted.

A Major's Cruelty punished.

This I assert and boldly dare to urge
That cruelty can never 'scape the scourge;
For sudden vengeance suddenly alights
On cruel deeds, to quit their cruel spights.

Mirour for Magistrates.

BARBARITY to our fellow-creatures is one of the worst passions that can possibly possess the soul of man; it renders us obnoxious to each other and unpleasing in the sight of our Maker. Man was marked out as a friend in his creation to himself, and why not to his fellow creatures, who are naturally endued with the same fellow feelings. But too often a superiority of command entrusted to man, makes him lord and triumph over those he thinks beneath him. But notwithstanding his own false imagination, providence, who rewards every man according to his works, overtakes him in his due time, and recompenses him according to his desert. My reader will find the truth of my observation in the following story.

IN his late Majesty's reign, a soldier belonging to a marching regiment that was quartered in the city of *Worcester*, was taken up for desertion; and being tried by a court-martial for the same, was sentenced to be shot. The colonel and lieutenant-colonel being both in *London*, the command of the regiment descended in course to the major, who was accounted a cruel and obdurate man, which indeed, is obvious enough by the following relation. The poor man abovementioned being sentenced to be shot for desertion, and the day of his execution being arrived, the regiment, as usual upon those occasions, was drawn up to see the execution. Every body there that knew the custom of those executions, expected to see the corporals cast lots for that unthankful office; but was much surprized to find it fix'd, by the cruel major, upon the prisoner's own brother only, who, being a soldier in the same company with him, was taking leave of his dying brother, and both with flowing eyes, hanging round each other's necks, were bathing one another with their tears, when the news of this unnatural and heart-breaking order was delivered to him. Who, that has the least bowels of pity, or brotherly love, can speak, or even conceive the agonies of those poor parting creatures, at the sound of

this most cruel, and unnatural imposition from their major? who would not be prevailed upon to revoke his inhumane orders; but tore them by force from one another, before they had spoken half they had to say. The one fell down upon his knees, begging with all the prayers and entreaties that he could, that he might not have a hand in his poor brother's death; at the same instant, the poor prisoner neglecting the few remaining moments of his life to petition heaven in his own behalf, changed them to join with his afflicted brother to petition the savage major, that he would please to let him receive his death from any other hand than his. But all their tears and application were in vain. He was inflexible, and not to be mov'd. He swore that he, and he only, should be the man, purposely for example sake, and that in order to make the execution the more horrible. When they had wasted some time in supplication to no purpose, (and tho' several of their officers had joined in their fruitless petition) they, at length, both of them submitted; the prisoner having gone through the usual service with the minister, kneeled down at the place appointed, to receive his death. The cruel and obdurate major himself stood by, to see the afflicted brother load his instrument of death: which being done, he ordered

ordered him to observe the third signal with his cane, and that instant to do his office, and dispatch the prisoner. After once more embracing each other, they parted with a flood of mutual tears. But here, my reader, behold the justice of providence, when the cruel major was dealing his fatal signals for the prisoner's death, at the last motion of his cane, the soldier, inspired by some juster power, suddenly turn'd about his piece, and shot the inhuman major in a moment through the head; which being done, repeated these words, and threw down his piece:—He that can give no mercy, no mercy let him receive. Now I submit! I had rather die this hour for this death, than live an hundred years, and give my brother his.—At this unexpected accident, no-body seemed to be sorry; but the officers ordering him into custody, some of the chief citizens (who came there to see the execution, and were witnesses of all that pass'd) prevailed with the next commanding officer, to carry them both back together, and not to execute the other prisoner, till he received further orders; and promised to indemnify him for so doing, as far as their whole interest could possibly go with the king. This request being comply'd with, the city chamber, that very night, drew up a most pathetic and moving
ing

ing address to their sovereign, humbly setting forth the cruelty and character of the deceased major, and praying his majesty's clemency towards both the prisoners. The king, upon perusal of this petition, (which was inclosed to, and presented by, one of the city's representatives) was pleased to promise, that he would enquire a little further into the matter; which he did; and finding the truth of the petition, confirmed in all its particulars, was graciously pleased to pardon both the offending brothers, and discharge them from his service. For which good mercy, in the king, he received a very greatful and most dutiful address of thanks, from his loyal city.—Thus was the cruelty of this brutish officer, the very means of his own sudden, unexpected, and deserved fall, rendered the chief instrument and preservation of one who otherwise but a few moments before, was to have fallen a victim to death.

An old Woman the best Physician.

Both flowers and weeds, spring when the sun is warm ;
And great men do great good, or else great harm.

WEBSTER

THE practice of physick when properly studied and applied, is a science truly to be estimated, but when quackery is countenanced and encouraged; the consequence too often proves fatal. The constant puffs in our daily news papers one would naturally think should open the eyes of mankind, but so narrow sighted are mortals in general, that they too often fly to that which proves their undoing. Health is a blessing beyond all that can be possessed, and if it is not in the power of the faculty to restore it, they will at the last own themselves at a loss, and leave the patient to providence. The following story of the old woman favours more of quackery, than a real knowledge of the powerful effect of physick. But, as the proverb says, a blot is never a blot till hit, so to *appearance* the old woman administered the best medicine.

Mr.

Mr. *Moreland*, a gentleman in the west of *England*, of a very good estate, had an only son, of about nineteen years of age, visited with a violent fever, and was attended by several of the most eminent physicians in that country, but to little purpose; at length they gave him over; no more was to be done; he was absolutely (they said) beyond the power of art, and no man living could possibly save him.—Which, indeed, might possibly be; but though he was reduced beyond the art of man to recover him, yet an old woman, as my reader will find, very happily restored him, which was done as follows:

This old woman had formerly been a nurse to the family, and attended the lady in all her lyings-in. As she never fail'd calling once a day to enquire after her young master's state, during his illness, she now found them all in tears! the physicians had declared him dying, and had paid him their last visit, as he was a very promising, good-tempered youth, and an only child, every eye was water'd with a tear. And the poor old woman no sooner heard this despairing news, but she burst into a flood of sympathizing grief also, begging very hard that she might once more see the dear young gentleman before he dy'd. This request being granted, she was conducted to

to him, where she found him wasted to an anatomy, and quite dried up with the parching violence of the fever. She no sooner came to his bedside, and looking hard at him, but he seemed to shew some signs, she thought of his knowing her, but he was so weak, that he could not turn himself; and his tongue was grown so scurfy and dry, that he had no use of it. However the old woman, as she had always loved him, resolved to stay with him as long as she could, and if he did die (if she was not put out of the room by force) resolved to attend him to the last. Being soon after left alone with him, and sitting upon his bedside, bemoaning him, and asking him if he would have any thing to moisten his mouth, he answered her something in a very faint and unintelligible tone, which she listening to, with the utmost attention, after some time, apprehended it to be strong beer; and putting the question to him, if he wanted strong beer, he, as well as he could, said, aye, (as she thought.) Now,

I shall here observe that the poor parch'd-up youth, had begg'd very hard for strong beer, almost a fortnight before, and continued his solicitations daily for it ever after, as long as he was able to speak, but without the least success; for the all-wise physicians had declared it to be no less than
certain

certain death; so that, asking for beer was only asking to die.

However, the good old woman knew nothing of this, but being satisfied within herself that strong beer was what he meant, resolved, if possible, he should have his belly full. Down stairs she goes to the young gentleman's father, and humbly besought him that he would be pleased to give her a bottle of his best strong beer: but he, guessing the use it was for, answered, that he supposed it was to give to his sick son, and therefore he durst not let her have it, because the doctors had declared it immediate death to him. Well, reply'd the old woman, and if the poor gentleman has not what he so much longs for, he must die for all they can do to save him. So that, I should think, it can be no great harm to ease his thirst with what he so much desires; you cannot tell, sir, what an alteration it may make in him. As the physicians have given him over, and are not capable of doing any thing further for him, if he was my son, he should have any thing he wished for; nay, even if it was brandy; for he can but die at last, and that, it seems, he is condemn'd to already; so that the danger lies in his not having it. This discourse of the old woman's had the desired effect, upon the afflicted father; who reflecting upon
what

what the old woman had said, as nothing unreasonable, he ordered the servant to give her a bottle of strong beer, as she desired. After her thanks, and blessing the gentleman for his condescension, away she went with the servant into the cellar, and there prevail'd upon him to give her two bottles; and up she carries them to the sick youth. As soon as the old woman approached him with the bottles in her hand, his eyes began to kindle new fire, and he champer'd his mouth with such eagerness, that had he been able to have reached them, and had strength enough, he would have perhaps saved her the trouble of drawing the corks for him. However, the old woman pours out one of them into a mug, and lifting him up an end in the bed, while another person supported his back, she assisted him with the liquor, and he swallowed it so eagerly, that two thirds of it was gone the first draught. He then took breath, and being asked if he would have any more, he answered, (smacking of his lips, and as though inspired with new life) aye! a little more! so she gave him the remainder of the bottle and up he suck'd it every drop,—Well, (says the old woman) how are you now, sir? — Oh? (replies the youth) you have saved my life.—Down he lies, and being again covered and settled in his bed, in five minutes

minutes time he fell fast asleep, and immediately after that, into a very great sweat. He slept all the remainder of that day, and all the next night, without once waking. The next day, when he awak'd, he spoke very plain, seemed quite in spirits, and the fever, in a manner, quite off him, and in every respect a different kind of person.— Being asked, if he would have any more strong beer? he answered, ay, with all my heart, one draught more, and that will quite cure me. Here they instantly shifted his bed with a pair of warm sheets and blankets, and the old woman pour'd out t'other bottle; he drank about one half of it, and lay down and went again to sleep, and when he slept almost as long as before; he then awaked, to their very great joy and surprize; the first word he spoke, was to ask for something to eat. From this hour he continued to gather strength apace; within some little time he perfectly recovered his health, and the old woman was deemed the best physician. Now the young gentleman's father had a mind to hear what the doctors who had attended him before, would say to his drinking strong beer, after they had given him over. He went to one of them, and affecting a much graver mood than he was really in, told the doctor, that his son continued in much the same manner, as
when

when he saw him last, but that they had all a strong suspicion that he hankered after a draught of strong beer; and as they had given him over, he desired to know whether he might not venture to give him some.—Sir, (replies the doctor) I am really surpriz'd that he is still alive; however, as he is not dead, we know not what change may yet happen, and therefore, I would advise you by no means to give him any such thing, for as there is a very hot, powerful, and inflammatory spirit in all those liquors, it must be absolute death to any person in so violent a fever, to drink of them.—Yes, sir, (reply'd the gentleman) but he longs for it; and, as the continual heat of the distemper has certainly dried up his juices, and devoured his spirits, perhaps a little strong beer may, as he so much desires it, contribute to replenish him.—Not at all, (reply'd the doctor) it will only sign his quietus. It is an absolute contradiction, by the justest and strickest rules of physic. But since he is not yet quite dead, though I have no hopes of his being ever better in this world, with your leave, I'll now make him one more visit. By all means, replies the father. Away they went together; but when the doctor came into the room, to his no small surprize, he found his dying patient pulling part of a boil'd fowl to pieces, with all the fury imaginable, which

which made him stare as though he had seen a ghost, but being informed of the cause of so great a change, he stood confounded, and knew not what to think, or what to say; which the young gentleman observing, he cry'd out to him, in a great rapture, Ay, ay, sir! you may well stare, but I desire you will not come near me; for, I thank my God, an old woman is the best physician.

The Arch-Methodist and the Butcher.

Religion, e're *impos'd*, should first be *taught*;
 Nor seem to *dull obedience* ready lay'd,
 Then swallow'd strait with *ease*; but long be sought;
 And be by *reason* counsell'd, though not sway'd,
 DAVENANT.

IN this our day, we have too many among us like the heroine of the following story.——Many are apt to pin their faith upon another man's sleeve, and think if they are but one among the number of the righteous overmuch, that they are in an absolute state of salvation. But a time will come when they will find themselves greatly deceived, and that religion does
 not

not consist in external appearances of acts of charity only. We are taught in sacred writ, that our duty to God is to worship him in sincerity and in truth, and to love our neighbour as ourself. This doctrine is frequently misunderstood, and too often broached by the designing artful man, in order the better to answer his own salutary end, and play upon the mind of the ignorant, by endeavouring to make him believe, that unless he bestows all he can get to the poor, that he cannot possibly be saved. The following story will convince my reader of the absurdity of too weak an opinion.—

Mrs. *Cragget*, a butcher's wife in *London*, being thoroughly converted to the methodist principles, became one of the most zealous followers of this new doctrine: her husband, who was a very honest, industrious, and indulging man, never offered to hinder her from attending and following her new doctrine, because (as he often said) it might perhaps be the cause of her making him a better wife; therefore he should lay no restraint upon her to the contrary. It was not long before he found his mistake; for one day she having been at church at *Kennington* common, and there heard a most excellent sermon on the
virtue

virtue of charity, she resolved to save her own soul, though her husband should go to gaol, and her children would perish for it. It happened that this day her husband expected a salesman to settle accounts with him according to custom; and being obliged to go out himself on some necessary business, that could not be well avoided, he left fifty pounds with his wife to pay the salesman, according to his promise; which was the full money that he owed him. The honest butcher, her husband, could have no reason to doubt her fidelity or conduct in the discharge of that trust, because it was not the first time by a great many, that he had entrusted her with a much larger sum, which she had paid with the utmost exactness to the very same man. Now she was informed by her new teacher, that charity was the first step to salvation, and that, in the gospel, the rich man, (if he would be saved) was advised to give all he had to the poor, made her resolve to purloin part of the fifty pounds which her husband had entrusted her with, to her righteous teacher, that he might bestow it such charitable uses as he himself might judge most necessary. When the salesman came for the money, she thought it no sin to lessen her husband's reputation, substance, and credit, and to rob her whole family

family to enable him to carry on his scheme and project of gaining and establishing the name of a charitable man; and one who would relieve the poor and needy, though with the property of other honest and industrious people, whose merit and necessity, perhaps, deserve more the contributions of the wealthy, than those very persons to whom their defrauded, hard-got property, was ostentatiously and improperly given.

Her husband was no sooner gone out, but Mrs. *Scragget* began to cut and contrive how she should mangle and disjoint the sum which her husband had entrusted her with, in order to compleat her new form'd plan, of being enrolled a charitable saint, in her dear arch methodeist's books. It was not many minutes, before she resolved as follows: she takes out of the bag ten pounds, and away she posts to the doctor's lodgings as fast as she could, begging very hard that he would be graciously pleased to accept of that little moiety, and add it to the many other charitable benefactions he had raised: which the good natur'd doctor (not only being of a very condescending nature, but also, of a very scrupulous and conscientious one) very readily complied with; heaping a multitude of praises and benedictions on her head, for so laudable

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and christan-like a donation. Having done with the doctor, and returned home, it was not long before the expected salesman came ; and with an unbounded conscience, in full expectation of the whole fifty pounds. To his no small disappointment, religion and charity had dwindled it down to forty. What was to be done in this case ? The good honest butcher had never as yet been short in his payments, and ten pounds was great diminishment ! but for her to talk of religion and charity to such a filthy sinner as this unconscionable salesman, who expected all his due, was but fulfilling the old proverb, of throwing pearl before swine. Therefore, since the truth was like to be of so little service with him, she was of necessity obliged to supply its place with the gross sin of lying.—But we have many authorities of so doing, that will totally annihilate the offence. Such as, the truth is not to be spoke at all times ; a lie sometimes prevents more mischief ; let us do evil, that good may come of it, and so forth.—

The rationality of the above proverbs, I may suppose, no body will attempt to contradict ! and by which my reader may plainly see, our female saint had sufficient authority not only to lie (as I hinted before) but also to swear as much as she thought proper, if she had judged it necessary.

necessary. But my reader will find her piety assisted her sufficiently without.—As soon as the salesman came, she goes directly up stairs for the money, and began to consider what she should say to him, that would be likely to appease him for the deficiency of the sum. Now as the scripture says, it shall be given you in the hour what you shall say.—So was it here to a tittle. Upon telling him, that her husband had been disappointed in the receiving of some cash, and that the ten pounds should be made good in the next payment,—the good-natur'd salesman reply'd, madam, I have no reason to doubt your husband's honesty, he never was short in his payments before; and I cannot say but I am a little disappointed with this, because I had promised to pay it away. But I hope I may depend upon it next week?—which the good woman told him he might be sure of.—He then gave her a receipt for forty pounds, in part of the fifty, which at first a little discompos'd her, because she had not thought of that point before, but had designed to have broke it to her good husband by degrees, as she should find herself inspired and inwardly directed. However, at worst, she reflected that such pious deeds, could not be wrought without some inconveniencies; and the more Difficul-

ties she had to deal with in the accomplishment of this good work the more virtue was in her attempting it.

The husband being return'd home the first thing he enquired after was whether the salesman had been there for his money, she telling him yes, produced the receipt, and at the same time prepar'd him the best she could for the surprize she was going to put him into——here (said she) is the receipt, but don't you be surprized my dear, nor angry with me, for God will reward us for the good I have done. I hope there is a treasure laid up for us in heaven that will never rust nor decay.—This world is transitory, and the only way to be happy, is to be doing all the good we can, while we live in it, that we may reap the benefits of it hereafter. So my dear you must not be out of humour, nor take it ill of me, but I have taken ten pounds out of the sum you had left with me, and gave it to the good doctor *Fairfield*, to be bestow'd in charitable uses to the poor and needy, that God may give a blessing to our endeavours in this world, and receive us in the next to all eternity. At this divine speech the poor butcher stood aghast! and could scarcely believe his ears. So many thoughts instantly occur'd, that he was quite confounded; and though her discourse had thrown him into
the

the utmost passion, yet was he so embarrassed and amazed, that he stood for some time as though he had been deaf and dumb.

At length recovering himself a little, he wisely wavered all resentment and reproach, and assumed the cool politician in the manner following.—Well, my dear, I can't say but what you have done, in regard to the ten pounds, has a good deal surprized me; but as you have often given me so good a character of the doctor, I hope the money will not be thrown away, and we must endeavour in the best manner we can, to supply the want of it by our future industry.—I hope the doctor will apply it as he ought, and then many good things may be done with it. Ten pounds is a great deal of money, and to people in our condition of life, it is an estate. I must confess, my dear, (continued Mr. Scragget) I have that good opinion of your understanding, that you would not have put so much money into his hands for such purposes, had he not been a man worthy of the highest esteem and trust. But pray, my dear, is the doctor a proud man? — Because I should be glad to converse with him——But, I suppose, he's above visiting such a poor habitation as mine; else, if he would come and take a bit of dinner or supper with us, he should be welcome. I do

assure you, I would entertain him in the best manner I am able; and perhaps I might profit by this kind visit, for I confess I am a very unworthy sinner——If I thought he would come my dear, you should make him an invitation as soon as you please.

At this discourse of Mr. *Scragget's* who can express his good wife's joy? she burst into a most pious transport, and called for all the blessings of heaven and earth upon her dear converted spouse; whose sudden and miraculous inspiration, she was sure was wrought only by the good doctor's prayers, as a visible reward of her bounteous charity.——Thus was she running on in a very rapturous manner, while the politick butcher kept time with her transports, and sympathiz'd with all she said. Having, as she thought, secured him to her wish, she proposed an immediate invitation of the good doctor, and to entertain him (as he had hinted) the next day. Which he, without the least hesitation, directly consented to.——With all the transported haste imaginable, away she posts to her dearly beloved doctor, whose humility and weak condescension did not suffer her long to importune for his consent, but readily accepted the invitation, in all probability in hopes of another tithe sum; the next day, according to his promise, he came.—

All

All dinner time, the butcher seemed to be mightily pleased at the good doctor's sanctified carriage, and behaved himself as demurely and hypocritically as the best methodist of them all could do. Insomuch, that his wife and the doctor had good hopes that he would devote himself entirely to their principles, and become a good saint. — But alas ! too soon appear'd their mistake ; after dinner had been some little time over, the butcher takes his holy guest into another apartment, pretending that he had some few questions to ask him ; — and so he had, indeed, but not on those topics that the doctor might suspect. The sole business he had now in view, more immediatly concerned the salvation of the body, than that of the soul ; therefore, with as much prudence and eloquence as could be expected from one of his profession, he addressed him as follows :

You'll excuse, in me, reverend sir, all that appears deficient, either in my manner of treating, or addressing you ; but much ceremony is quite out of my way, therefore, with your permission, I shall, without further preamble, come immediately to the point — Having the other day, some urgent business that required me from home, I left a sum of money with my wife, which I directed her to pay away to a cre-

ditor of mine; whom I expected would come purposely for it. But I was no sooner gone out, than she wickedly purloined part of the sum I had entrusted her with, and as she tells me, carried it to you, and delivered it into your own hands.—Now, sir, as this was not the first time by many, that she has left her family affairs, to attend on you, without my knowledge, I know not what trade you and she may have had together;—this money of mine, which she paid into your hands yesterday, I am willing to think she lent you; and which I hope you are willing to pay back to me immediately. For if we may, or can suppose that this money was not lent you, then was it a breach of trust in her, and you, by receiving it without my knowledge, or consent; for it appears very plainly, by her own confession, that when you took the money from her, you neither asked her who she was; what she was; whose money it was; or how she came by it. Had you asked her any of these questions, (which certainly you ought to have done) then would you soon have been informed, that she neither had any right to dispose of that money, nor you any right to receive it.—Therefore, sir, to be brief with you, I shall expect that you immediately refund it, or otherwise I shall carry both you and your
disci-

disciple before a magistrate, and will prosecute you as an abettor, and confederate in the fraud. The short of the thing is this, doctor; that if this money be not paid to-night where it was before designed, I shall be in peril of going to goal for it to-morrow. Therefore sir, I am determined, that if you do not immediately repay it me, I will absolutely send your reverend worship there before me. — This was a storm the good doctor could not in the least expect and it came so suddenly upon him, that all the shifts he could at that time think of, to evade the payment demanded, was, that he never carried such a sum about him. That as to the ten pounds, which his wife had paid into his hands the day before, (he said) he had paid it to his banker for that good use and end which she had proposed it. And that, as to himself worldly wealth was not his view nor could he command half that money on any account. That all subscriptions and collections that were made through his labours were deposited in Mr. *Keepgold's* hands to carry on a great and particular good work; and that all he had to do with it, was to see it at last dispos'd of and laid out according to the wise and pious intent of the charitable donors.

The doctor was thus running on in a very smooth manner when the resolute butcher

swore a great oath, (which made him tremble) that he would not be preached out of his money! That he worked very hard to maintain his family, and that he would not go to gaol for never a canting hedge preaching son of a wh--re in *England*; therefore if he did not either repay him the money directly, or give him a draught upon his banker at sight, he would take him that minute before a magistrate. This the pious doctor refused to comply with——till the the butcher calling for his man, ordered him to go fetch his neighbour *Longstaff*, the constable, that moment.——Here the doctor reflecting that such a progression would neither turn out to his credit or advantage, thought proper to capitulate, and with a great deal of reluctance, gave him a bill upon Mr. *Keepgold* for the ten pounds at sight.——The cautious butcher had cunning enough to send for it before the doctor could depart; the money being paid, and the messenger returned, he dismiss'd his reverend guest with this short harangue.

Master doctor, your whole and sole view of carrying on this scheme for a general contribution of publick charity, seems to me, no more than a mere veil, or outside shew to cover your deeper designs; and that your main end is manifestly no more than to get money. As to religion and
true

true piety, I apprehend you possess no more than myself; for if we may measure it by your conscience, (or rather your proceedings) I must conclude you have really none at all. However, be that as it will, I am convinced that it is neither prudent, creditable, nor profitable to have any thing to do with you.——And so, master doctor, I thank you for your good company to-day, and desire no more of your custom. For by G—d, if ever I know that my wife goes after you, or to you, or near you, from this hour, I will (so sure as ever she was born) break every bone in her skin. —— After this, the doctor seemed very uneasy till he was got out of the house. Being gone, the butcher acquainted his religious wife with all that had passed between them; confirming, with several oaths, his resolution of a corporal punishment for her, if ever she followed him again. —— Which the story should inform my reader had the desired effect.

The Humour of the Spur.

Tyrants and Devils think all Pleasures vain,
But what are still deriv'd from others Pain.

INnocent mirth and pastime, when properly used, are agreeable companions; but some people are apt to pursue them in such a manner as to make them appear more like barbarity than pleasure. I have known many an odd conceit furnish a company with a whole evening's diversion, and played off with that satisfaction as to give no offence to the party who has been the subject of the company's mirth. But when cruelty is blended with pastime, the natural consequence is ill-nature and discontent: this, by working upon the passions, too frequently ends in some fatal catastrophe.

Mr. *Fokish* and Mr. *Jackson*, two tradesmen of *London*, some time ago went down to *Westchester* fair together to lay a little money out; and being there one night, at an inn where they lodged, and something merrier than ordinary, the chamberlain, as he was lighting them to bed, happened to conduct them through an apartment where
there

there were two men in bed together. Mr. *Jokish* observed that one of them was so plaguy long shank'd, that his legs were half way out at the feet of the bed; which he no sooner saw, than he conceived a mighty desire to have a little humour with them. As soon as they came into the next room, where they were to lie, he says to the chamberlain that conducted them there, you may now leave us, and we'll take care of the candle ourselves. When the chamberlain was retired, he acquainted his bed-fellow with his design.—Did you observe (says he) the man in the next room, with his legs half a yard out at the feet of the bed? Yes, (replied *Jackson*) and what then? —If you'll hold the candle, answer'd *Jokish*) just at the door, and light me, and take it away at my signal, I'll shew you some diversion.—With all my heart, replies *Jackson*, who was also in a right mood for such kind of entertainment. They both of them pull'd off their slippers, that they might not be detected by any noise they might make in the execution. As soon as *Jokish* came into the room where the two men lay, he (looking about to see what he should begin with) spies by the bedside a pair of spurs, one of which he takes up, and immediately puts it (as gently as ever he could) upon the man's
naked

naked foot that hung so far out of the bed. As soon as he had buckled it fast, he beckons to his friend *Jackson* to take away the candle, and put to the door; and being himself in the dark, he gives *Teague* (for he happened to be an *Irishman*) a good hard pinch upon the same foot that he had put the spur upon. The *Irishman*, at this, began to growl confoundedly; and hauling up his feet into the bed, (and not yet awake) he scratched his bedfellow's legs sadly with the spur. At this, the other (who was a *Scotsman*) roars out, in a devilish passion,——De'el d—n you, Sir! (quo' he) gen ye'se not gang oot the bed, and cut your toe nails, by G—d! Ise throw you oot o'th' window!——The *Irishman* being yet asleep, and not in the least sensible of what had passed, by-and-bye thrust down his legs again as they were before. Then *Jokish* gave him t'other tweak by the toe, up the *Irishman* hauls his feet again, and scratch'd the *Scotsman's* legs as before; at which, the *Scotsman* began to pummel the *Irishman* heartily, till he had thoroughly wak'd him. By-and-bye the *Irishman*, rolling his feet about the bed, struck the rowel of the spur into his own leg, which now thoroughly wak'd him. At this, he, (with some surprise) putting down his hand to feel what was the matter with

with his foot, for he thought it felt but odly to him, cry'd out, in a very great passion. — Arah, d—n my shoul! but de horshler of dish inn ish a very great rashcal! now, dat he ish! For, by Chriesht! he hash pull'd off bot my boots, and like a d—n'd rogue, has left one of my spurs on.

The Faithful Dog.

Blood tho' it sleep a time, yet never dies:
The Gods on murd'ers fix revengeful eyes.

CHAPMAN.

IT is generally remark'd that a dog for his sagacity excels the rest of the brute species, and for his faithfulness seldom admits of any equal; yet we find some men treat them in such a manner as to pay little respect to their utility.——Those who are brought up to be subservient to their masters alone, have that gratitude in their nature, as to suffer no attempt of violence to be committed upon their persons by any enemy whatsoever, without resenting it even at the hazard of their own lives, as will be sufficiently proved in the sequel of the following story.

Mr.

Mr. *Victim*, a farmer, was travelling some few years ago in a bye-road, in some country place, on foot, by himself, excepting the company of a largish dog, (which was of a breed between that of a mastiff and a bull) and which dog he had rear'd from a puppy. The faithful creature had, by his long use to him, and being bred up by him, contracted so great a love for his master, that nothing but death could dissolve their friendship. It happened, that as these travellers were sojourning together, they by chance met with a man and a woman, with each of them a kind of budget on their back like those which tinkers generally carry. These two had no sooner set eyes on Mr. *Victim*, but they instantly determined to rob and murder him. Accordingly, when they came up to each other, the man began to ask the farmer some questions, and while they were talking together, the woman, (all of a sudden, as had been before agreed on between them) came behind Mr. *Victim*, and with a large hammer, struck him such a blow on the head, that he immediately fell senseless to the ground, the poor dog, seeing this, was instantly flying to his injured master's assistance, which the tinker observing, met him with a most furious blow on the head, with a large pike-staff, which stun'd him in a moment,

moment, and repeated his blows, both on the dog and his master, till he imagined there could not possibly remain the least spark of life in either of them. But thinking to compleat the work more effectually, the cruel and inhuman woman drew a knife from her pocket, and with it, she gave them several stabs in different parts of their bodies. When this bloody tragedy was perpetrated, they proceeded to plunder the farmer's pockets, of every thing therein, and went their way. But though there was neither town nor village near that place, nor mortal eye, (more than their own,) that beheld their butchery, yet the All-seeing eye of providence, whose justice and watchfulness is beyond all human understanding and conception, still mark'd their bloody steps, and soon o'ertook their deeds. The murderers, with all the haste they could, betook themselves to a little publick house, that was about a mile and a half from that place, and indeed, the only house that was so near by several miles. At this house they proposed to regale themselves, and there settle their further progress. But kind heaven interposed, and prevented their future designs. Some little time after they had departed from this shocking scene of blood, poor *Cæsar* (for that was the dog's name) recovering a little
his

his languid spirits, with much ado, made shift to crawl to the body of his dead master. Finding him quite breathless, he laid himself down upon his neck, and licking his mortal wounds, expressed his lamentations in the most piteous and moving groans imaginable. About half an hour after this, two gentlemen of that country happening to ride that way, and coming to the place where the above murder was committed, beheld a sight sufficient to move the most obdurate heart. Gallons of human blood mixt with that of the faithful dog's, formed a most horrid deluge! in the midst of which, lay the murdered body of the farmer, and his mangled dog licking his wounds. At this ghastly and sudden sight, who can express the two gentlemen's amazement.— They stopp'd and viewed this dreadful scene with double horror! and observing that the blood was not yet cold, they suggested that the cruel murderers could not be very far off, therefore, were uncertain, that if they staid there long, they might share the same fate. As this was a sight which was now before them, that could not be passed by, without the utmost regard, it doubtlessly caused much reasoning between them. At length, one of the gentlemen alighted from his horse, and going up to the dead body, the poor dog looked him up in the face, with

with such a pitiful and complaining groan, licking once more his dead master's wounds, and raising again his eyes to the gentleman, as before, that it pierced his very heart to behold it. Here the gentlemen pity'd and bemoan'd the poor dog, (as indeed, who could avoid it) which *Cæsar* observing, express'd his sorrow, love, and thanks to him, as well as he could. The poor creature was almost exhausted, through his vast loss of blood, but it happened by good fortune, that none of his wound were mortal.

The gentlemen, after some consultation, agreed to take the dog away with them, and endeavour, to get him cured, if possible. But they had much ado, to make the poor creature stand upon his feet, he was so extremely weak. They encourag'd him, and made much of him, and at length, by putting a handkerchief about his neck and much enticement, poor *Cæsar* took his leave of his dead master. It was no very easy matter to get him away from him; for when they had got him some little distance from the body, he would turn about to look at it, and issue forth his faithful complaining groans, which indeed must be very moving to hear. The gentlemen, after they had a little consulted how they should proceed, resolved to go to the afore-said

said little public house, as being by much the nearest house to that place; there they proposed to leave poor *Cæsar*, in order to recover him, if possible. Says one of the gentlemen, who knows but heaven by means of this dog, may some day, bring the murderers to justice: in this, indeed, he prophecy'd true; for they were no sooner come to the door of the alehouse (as above) but the dog began to smell and look about, and to express a very sudden and extraordinary change; which drew a very particular attention from the gentlemen. If their wonder was raised here, how greatly was it increased, when they came within-side of the house; for scarcely were they enter'd, but the honest injur'd dog, flew in an instant with all the vigour he was master of, at a poor traveller who sat near the fire; and had certainly kill'd him (notwithstanding his exhausted and weak condition) had not the gentlemen that brought him there, interposed and prevented it. They had no sooner recover'd him from the man, but he made such another spring at a woman that was in his company, and had dealt as roughly with her, but for the like prevention. Indeed providence had here directed him to the very murderers. The poor enrag'd and vengeful *Cæsar*, thus hinder'd from the attempts of his wrath, began.

began to express his complaints in a very surprising mixture of indignation. For he look'd his new friends in the face, very sensibly, and breath'd out a kind of a plaintive and discontented howl; and the next moment, look'd at the man and woman, with an eye of fire and passion, accompanied with a threatening snarl and growl. All this, was very well remarked by the gentlemen; and indeed wrought in them very strong suspicions. One of them whispering the other, desired that he would stay there and have an eye upon the man and woman, while he talk'd a little with the landlord: taking the dog in his hand, he says to the man of the house, (who was a witness of all that had pass'd, during the time they were in the house.)——Pray, landlord, can't you spare me a place to dress and put this poor dog in; you see the creature is in a terrible condition. Here the gentlemen having the dog in a handkerchief, led him very much against poor *Cæsar's* will, out of sight of the man and the woman.

As soon as they were retired into a proper place, the gentleman demanded of the landlord, how long that man and woman had been there. The landlord reply'd, About half an hour. The gentleman then asked him, if he knew any thing of them. He return'd—Not in the least.—Here the gentle-

gentlemen thought proper to give the landlord the whole history of what they had seen concerning the dog and his dead master ; and likewise insinuated to him, that he was of opinion, that this man and woman whom the dog had assaulted, was, in some shape or other, concerned in the murder. The landlord, after he had heard the story, was of the same way of thinking, and likewise judged it necessary and right instantly to secure them both : To this the gentleman assented, and also thought it requisite to ask them a few questions before they proceeded any further with them. This they accordingly did, but got so little satisfaction in the answers, that they immediately laid hold of them, and secured both their budgets, &c. and carried them before a justice of peace. When the justice had heard what the two gentlemen had to say, with a full history of what they had seen, he caused the man, the woman, and their budgets to be searched. As they could not yet discover thereby any means of proof, *Cæsar* was then to be produced as the strongest evidence against them. The justice proceeded to interrogate them, but could not yet gain that satisfaction he wish'd for, therefore he ordered them into very sufficient custody, commanded two of his servants to take a couple of horses and a cart,

cart, and bring the dead body to his house, and likewise to call at the above-mention'd public house as they came back, and bring with them the wounded dog. This was accordingly done ; the dog being by the justice's order brought before the tinker and his wife, flew at them, as before, with all the fury he was capable of. By his not offering to assail any body else, the justice concluded it a circumstance sufficient to warrant their commitment, therefore he sent them to prison, on strong suspicion, for further examination. The next day the coroner's inquest sat upon the body, and gave in their verdict wilful murder against persons unknown. Some few days after this, the tinker and his wife were again examined, but to little or no purpose ; they both of them obstinately asserted their innocence, and solemnly declared they were utter strangers to the whole affair. As there were a vast number of people assembled on this remarkable occasion, the justice sent again for the aforesaid dog, to see whether he would meddle with any body that was there present, or single out the prisoners as he had done before. No sooner was he within reach of them, than his languid strength and spirits renew'd, and he flew at them with the same fury, so that he was scarcely by any means, to be re-

restrained. As they with-held him back from the prisoners by main force, he looked at them with all the eagerness and rage imaginable, and endeavoured the best he could to break his passage to them. When any of the company bemoan'd him, pity'd him, and strok'd him, he would look them so sorrowfully in the face, that, according to every one's construction, he seemed to beg for vengeance, and to upbraid them for preventing it. What the secret thoughts of those guilty prisoners, were, when thus attempted and accused by this injured speechless animal, I shall leave to the reflection of my readers. But so significant did it appear to the judicious justice, that he thought it unwarrantable to enlarge them; therefore, recommitted them to prison. The next day the coroner issued out his warrant of retainer. So that they were to stand their trial at the assizes, which was to come on in a short time after.

In the mean time, they took all possible care and means to recover the faithful *Cæsar*, who would not by any means be prevailed on to encourage life, but absolutely refused all kinds of sustenance; and would certainly have died, had they not drenched him with such kind of things as were judged most proper, by the surgeons who dress'd his wounds. This circumstance of *Cæsar's*
inva-

invariable malice, made such an unanimous impression on the minds of all men, that the whole country looked upon it as a special mark of the justice of divine Providence; and were so generally prejudiced against the prisoners, that the grand jury made no difficulty of finding the bill against them.

The assizes being come, and the tinker and his wife called to the bar, who both of them pleaded not guilty, as they had all along done before) the court proceeded on their trial, and after examining all the evidences for the crown, and which, indeed, were no more than circumstantial, nor any more than I have already informed my reader, yet it had a very great effect upon the whole court, and particularly the judge, who earnestly desired that the dog might be sent for, and the experiment try'd before the jury who were to acquit or convict the prisoners. Accordingly the poor maim'd *Cæsar* was immediately sent for, and came peaceably through all the multitude of people, without so much as offering the least offence to any one; no sooner was he, by order of the court, brought near the tinker and his wife, than he resumed his former spite, and would certainly have tore them to pieces, had he had

but power and strength. This essay was made several times, by taking the dog away, and then bringing him back again, who at every return, seemed more and more incensed. At length the judge being perfectly satisfied of the prisoner's guilt, he addressed them thus :

Richard and *Mary Merciless* (for these were their names) you here stand indicted for the horrible and deadly sin of murder ! a crime that, before both God and man, from the beginning of the world to this day, is a crying sin, which in this life can never be atoned for. The soul and blood of the murder'd will ever rise against you, and though no earthly eye beheld the cruelty of your barbarous deeds, but that poor injur'd creature, which bears such testimony of your inhuman bloody dealings ; yet you were both at that instant surrounded with the sight of the ever present eye of providence, and whose divine power hath so ordered it, that this poor dog (which by the many wounds imprinted on him, you doubtless left for dead) does now stand a sufficient witness against you, to bring you to that death you deserve ! and you shall find the spirit of his murdered master as ready a witness against your souls, as this dumb creature is now against your lives. What then

then do you conceive may be sufficient to deliver your guilty spirits from eternal punishments, when you here, in the presence of Almighty God, deny the doing of a deadly deed, which he himself, with his all-seeing eye, was a present witness of? Shall it, do you think, avail you then to utter blasphemy, and tell him he lies? Or, what is it less than that, even to deny it now? Is he not present here before us? Is he not witness of what we now transact? Or do you believe that he is insensible of all we do or say? If not, what but a true confession, and a speedy and a clear repentance, can give you the least hope of any forgiveness hereafter? Denying a fact to us that appears so evident before us, is like the equivocation, or bold lying of the wicked and presumptuous, *Anonias* and *Sapphira*, who were justly and instantly struck dead by the Apostles, for their insolent behaviour in a double dealing with their God! I am so far convinced of both your guiltiness of the cruel fact for which you are here arraign'd, that if the gentlemen of the jury shall find you of my opinion, that is to say, guilty of wilful murder, I will take upon me to answer with my soul for the justice of their verdict. And I do demand of you once more, as you may answer to the Al-

mighty at the last day, whether you are guilty or innocent of the crime you stand indicted for? And according to the truth of your declaration, may the Almighty and all-seeing God, who is here now present, an invisible witness of your thoughts, words and actions, deal with you both hereafter, according to the truth of your present confession.

This speech from the judge had the desired effect, for, upon his pausing for their reply, the woman was so terrified with the energy of his discourse, that she fell into a sudden fit of trembling; and falling instantly upon her knees, she burst into tears, and confessed the whole fact. The guilty tinker, her husband, stood staring by her side, struck, like an immovable image, with horror! who, after his wife had ended her full confession, unable any longer to deny a fact which was already sufficiently exploded, he confirmed the truth of all she had now confessed. At this thorough discovery, which was greatly owing to the judicious behaviour and eloquence of the judge, who can sufficiently express the sudden satisfaction of the whole court? The ladies sympathiz'd with the female prisoner, and wept for joy at her penitence; the jury were now at no difficulty to find their verdict;

dict; and every body present were rejoiced that the perpetrators of so cruel and horrid an act, were brought at length to justice. They then both received their sentence of a much easier death than what their crime deserved. The next week after they were executed, and the tinker, according to his sentence, was hung in chains near the place where he had committed the aforesaid cruel murder, and one of those gentlemen who first found the body of Mr. *Victim*, took care of poor *Cæsar*, and kept him for his love and fidelity to his former master.



The positive Cobler.

Be it for better, or be it for worse,
Be govern'd by those that govern the purse.

PROVERB.

THERE are too many among the number of mankind that, from a positive disposition, render themselves obnoxious to the rest of the human specie: The ungovernableness of their temper, the unnatural warmth they possess upon the least appearance of contradiction, render them dangerous to that part of mankind who are of necessity compelled to be under their jurisdiction.—The extream is equally dangerous in the positive man, as it is in the too credulous, therefore the general observation should be to trust to our own senses, rather than the superficial judgment of another. All mankind are liable to error, and infallibility is not to be found on this side the grave. But as the poor are too apt to believe the rich cannot err, will plead, I hope, some little excuse for the over positiveness of the honest cobbler in the following story.—

SIR

SIR *Humphry Credulous* had a favourite horse that he was extremely fond of, and coming one day through the field where he was at grass, saw him near the path-way, laying all along stretched out, as though he was dead; after looking at him some time without approaching any nearer to him, and not perceiving him to stir, he concluded him certainly so. With a great deal of concern, without making any further enquiry, he came home and told his lady, that by some accident or other his poor *Jack*, as he called him, was dead: That he saw him stiff, and laid out on the grass, as he came through the field.—The news affected the lady a great deal; after some condolment between them for their loss, sir *Humphry* called for one of his servants, and ordered him to go for one *Fleeleather*, a cobbler that lived in the village (and who was generally employed to skin the cattle that by any accident died in that neighbourhood,) to come and take orders for skinning his favourite horse. Accordingly, when the cobbler came, he ordered him to go into such a field, and he would there find a bright bay horse lying stretched out upon the grass, near the path-way, that he must immediately skin him, and bring the skin to him: and then he would satisfy

him for so doing. The cobbler thank'd his worship, and set out, according to his instructions, to flee poor old *Jack*, who was quite ignorant of all this matter; and tho' he was asleep, never dreamt of any such sentence against him in the least. By-and-bye the cobbler arrived, and there he saw the horse stretched out as sir *Humphry* had described. Then throwing down his instruments in order to go to work upon him, it happened to startle old *Jack*, insomuch that he jumped up, and marched off as contented as might be. When the cobbler saw the horse get up and walk so brisk, and look so well, he was a good deal surprised, and began to consider with himself, whether he should perform his orders, or go back and inform sir *Humphry* that the horse was not dead, but after some pause, he settled it to himself in the manner following:

My Master, said he, did not tell me whether the horse was dead or alive; but bid me go into such a field, and skin such a horse, and this I am certain is the horse he directed me to. And though the horse is alive and well, yet if it be his pleasure to have him skinn'd, what business have I to dispute it. Therefore my business at present is to skin the horse, and submit all causes and reasons to him that owns him.— So out the cobbler sets after the horse, in order

order to execute his master's commands without further debate ; but *Jack* was so nimble and high spirited, that it was several hours before he could catch him. At last he did, and as soon as he had secured him fast to a tree with his halter, into the poor horse's chest he pierces his skinning knife, and thereby soon dispatched him. As soon as he found he was quite dead, the cobbler began fleeing of him as fast as he could ; which, when he had finished, he carried home the skin to sir *Humphry*, as he had been before ordered, who received it with the following token of sorrow for the loss of his horse——Well, *Fleeleather*, I see thou hast brought his old hide, but he was as good a beast as ever man crossed, and I'll keep the skin for the love I bore the horse. What must you have for your trouble ?——Two shillings, sir, is the common price, reply'd the cobbler, but, egad ! I wish he had not been quite so high mettled as he was, for I am sure I have had the hardest piece of work with him that ever I had with any horse in my life ; and I hope your worship will give me t'other shilling for my extraordinary trouble ; for I am sure I have very well deserved it.——Pray, how came you to have more trouble with him (demanded sir *Humphry*) than with any other horse ? Why, reply'd the cobbler, because

he was such a cursed high mettled one, that I believe I was full three hours in catching of him.—— Heh! What's that you say, (cries the knight in the utmost surprise) what the devil! was not the horse dead then? ——I don't know, sir, replied the cobbler, whether he was dead or not, but I am sure as soon as I came up to him, he set up his heels and ran away: And for my part, I thought I should never have got hold of him. I never saw a devil gallop about so in my life, as he did. And if so be that he was dead before, I am sure I was forced to kill him over again, before I could bring you the skin. —— Why you worthless villain! (reply'd sir *Humphry*) why did you not come and acquaint me that he was not dead, before you meddled with him? I had much rather have given you fifty guineas than you should have killed him! you cruel, unthinking blockhead! ——I can't help that sir, (replied the cobbler) 'tis no fault of mine. You did not tell me whether the horse was dead or alive, but ordered me to go and skin him, and I have done so: I had no right to dispute your pleasure. I must own to your worship, that when I saw the horse get up and run away, I was surprized, and began to reflect to myself, whether I should attempt to catch him, and execute your commands,
or

or let him alone. But while I was debating the matter within myself, a good old proverb came into my head that determined the business at once: which was this, sir:

*Be it for better, or be it for worse,
Be govern'd by those that govern the purse.*

And therefore, sir, I concluded, that if I had not punctually obeyed your orders, but had come back without skinning the horse, you might have had as much reason *then*, to have been angry with me, as you think you have *now* for my punctually performing of them.—Here sir *Humphry* reflecting, that, in fact, the cobbler was right, and that it was entirely his own fault, in first becoming too credulous, and then giving such unthinking directions to this positive fool for skinning the horse, he paid him the money, with this short admonition;—that he would, for the future, forget his foolish proverbs, and learn a new rule of acting by reason.

Good and bad Parrots.

For needs must they be blind, and blindly led,
Where no good lesson can be taught or read.

Mirror for Magistrates.

A Common observation is made that bad presidents taint the minds of youth in general; and good examples shewn, generally lead to paths of virtue. I have frequently observed that children as soon as they are taught to speak, are apt indiscriminately to adhere both to good and bad, therefore as a necessary caution, I would advise my reader that as soon as the lisping tongues of babes are taught to speak, to be careful in their matter of conversation before them, lest that parrot like they speak without knowing the intent and meaning of what they say. Was this observation strictly adher'd to, we should find religion early inculcated in the minds of children, preferable to other little vices, which they are too apt by nature to catch at without been taught.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Lovegrace*, a kind of a puritanic lady, lived some time ago, at *Kensington*, and kept a parrot that the servants had taught to talk all sorts of loose stuff, as bawdy, cursing, swearing, &c. The good old lady was very fond of the parrot, and had *Poll* been better educated, she would not have taken any money for her. But her conversation was so vulgar, that she was never suffered to visit in the parlour or dining-room on any account, for fear of putting any of the company out of countenance with her vulgar and obscene conversation. It happened one day, that the old lady being in *London*, she called to see one Mrs. *Rubrick*, who was just such another religious old dame as herself. While these two were conversing by themselves on some religious topic, a parrot that was in the corner of the same room, (in which room, prayers were every day read to the whole family) unperceived by Mrs *Lovegrace*, would often put in her godly oar, to the great surprize of the good visitant. Sometimes, she would break out in the following invocations.—We beseech thee to hear us good Lord.—And by-and-by, —Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.—With several

veral other sentences that she had religiously pick'd up; that were full as good. These pious speeches of *Poll's* coming in very *a propos*, (as Mrs. *Lovegrace* thought) she was quite ravished with the bird, (and had she been hers, perhaps, might have been provided for all the days of her life by her last will and testament)——Lord! madam, said she, to her friend, what a fine parrot you have got! I never heard a creature so good! I vow, it does one's heart good to hear her. If she was mine, I would not part with her for all the world, I have a wicked bird at home, that talks all sorts of vulgar and prophane ribaldry. I wish madam, you would be so kind as to let my bird make a fortnight's visit to yours, in order to improve her a little; perhaps she may teach mine to forget its vulgar talk, and learn it better.——With all my heart, madam, I wish she may, (replies Mrs. *Rubrick*) you may send it when you please.——Accordingly, the next day, *Poll* and her castle were delivered into the care and custody of the Footman, in order to convey her to her new preceptor, in hopes to mend her breeding.——The servant, in the journey, growing soon weary of his burden, and thereby not very well approving of his good mistress's pious design, he
often

often cry'd to himself, as he went along,—
d—n my foolish mistress for sending me of
this silly errand.—This being repeated,
several times, *Poll*, who was no dunce at
her learning, soon caught hold of the
words, and by the next day, could speak
them as plain as the footman. A few days
afterwards, Mrs. *Lovegrace* called to see
how her parrot improved, after sitting some
little time with her friend, and not hearing
her open her mouth, she goes to her bird,
and began to interrogate her thus: —
Well, my pretty *Poll*, (says she) I hope
you are a good bird now, and will forget
all your wickedness; else, what do you
think will become of you? come, let me
hear what you have learn'd. Why don't
you speak, my dear? —By-and-by, *Poll*
being overjoyed at the honour of her mis-
tress's presence, comes out with her new
lesson:—D—n my foolish mistress for
sending me on this silly errand.—*Poll*
had no sooner ended these words, but the
other parrot immediately replied,—We
beseech thee to hear us good Lord!—
O heavens! (cried Mrs. *Rubrick*) my poor
bird is ruin'd for ever! I beg, madam,
(continued she to Mrs. *Lovegrace*) that
you'll take away that filthy reprobate par-
rot, or she'll soon make mine as bad as
herself.

herself. Evil communication, you know, madam, corrupts good manners. Did you observe, madam, how my bird join'd immediately with yours, in that most horrible and terrible curse?——Yes, madam, (replied Mrs *Lovegrace*) and I am confident that it is impossible to be happy where so much wickedness is suffered in the house; and therefore, I'll get rid of mine directly! a wicked blasphemous creature! I'll give it this minute to my footman, and let him do what he will with it.——Here Mrs. *Lovegrace's* servant was immediately called in to carry away poor *Poll*, and to fix her in a state of banishment for ever. And on no consideration, was she to be forgiven, or ever to return home. Thus, the same footman got this wicked and prophane parrot, for his trouble of improving her.

The Country Booby's Discovery.

But 'tis some justice to ascribe to chance
The wrongs you must expect from ignorance :
None can the moulds of their creation chuse,
We therefore should mens *ignorance* excuse,
When born too low, to reach at things sublime ;
'Tis rather their *misfortune* than their *crime*.

IT is a common observation among the lower class of mankind, that ignorance too much prevails; vanity alone is the occasion of their imagining themselves *rational*; these kind of Beings move without knowing the reason why, act without either dread or fear, speak without knowing what they say, and die as ignorantly as they have lived. This may in a great measure be attributed to the want of instruction; for had the hero of the following story received but the least tincture of education, it would have been impossible for him to have blundered as the sequel of the following story will inform my reader.

Polly Wishfort, a poor peasant's daughter in the country, had the misfortune (like many

many other of her sex) to be over-persuaded by her country lover, that, by her easy credulity, she entrusted him so far, that after some little correspondence together, she was brought to bed of a fine boy.—The child dying in a few months after, and her character being little the worse for wear, she resolved to come up to *London*, in hopes to mend her fortune. Accordingly, she had not been in town long, before she was hired to be an upper servant to one Mr. *Lovit*, a sober elder gentleman of a very good estate. After she had lived with him about a twelvemonth, *Polly*, being a very genteel girl, her modest diligent, and dutiful behaviour, so wrought upon her master, that he resolved to make his addresses to her. Accordingly, in a short time after, he marry'd her. Upon this good turn of fortune, she wrote word to her friends in the country, of her happy success, at the same time, not forgetting to load her master (now her husband) with a thousand praises and encomiums. When her parents in the country received and published this good news, her boobily brother, whose name was *Ralph*, and who was then two and twenty years of age, hearing of his sister's good fortune in *London*, strait resolved to leave the country, and seek his sister; not, in the least, doubting, (with
the

the advantage of his good education, fine breeding, and natural parts) but that he should get as rich a wife, as she had a husband. Supported and encouraged by those glorious hopes, out he sets, without more ado. When he came to *London*, having forgot his sister's marriage name, and only remembering the name of the street in which she lived, he could not tell who to enquire for: however, he soon found out the street she lived in, but could hear nothing at all of his sister. At length, somebody that he was making enquiry of, advised him, (if he was sure that this was the street she lived in) to begin at one end of it, and ask at every house, on both sides, till he had gone quite through. The countryman thought this advice very good and therefore resolved to put it in execution. Accordingly he goes on to one end of the street and begins at a corner house, at the door of which, he knock'd and thundered as though he would have beat down the door; when the servant came, he demanded what was the matter; that he made such a devilish noise. — Pray yow, naw, (quoth *Ralph*) con you tell ma whareabouts one *Moll Wishfort* lives? — *Moll Wishfort*! (cries the servant, in some surprize) you bumkinly son of a whore! is all this rattling and thund'ring about *Moll Wishfort*?
what

what the devil should she be; or, where should she live? who is she?——Who! whay a gentlewoman naw, (replies *Ralph*) and my sister. But she was some kaind of a fervant, soometaime agoa. And lives soomewhere in this tawn, I believe hereabouts. The fervant made answer,——I know nothing of any such person; and if this be the best direction you have, I believe you may seek her long enough.——Don't you know in what place she lives? ——Whay, aye; she lives soomewhare in *Lunnon*, I think, (replies *Ralph*) but it is such a wawnded big place, I wonder haw all the folks do to know one another. Vor my part, I should never remember haafe of them not I. —— The fervant could not help laughing at the ignorance of this reply; but demanding of him again, if he could not tell in what street his sister lived; he replied.——Whay, aye; in this street, I think; but I have no directions to her in writing.——Oh, (replies the fervant) if that be the case, you may find her out how you can. Withthat he shut the door, and left him to proceed. On *Ralph* goes, to another house; and from that to another, asking still the same questions, and getting for return, the same answers. At last, by chance, he hit upon the right house: as he was enquiring of the fervant
at

at the door, for one *Moll Wishfort*, a gentlewoman, his sister sitting in the parlour with her husband, (to her no small surprise) heard his voice, and knew it.—Lord! (says she) my dear! I believe that's my ignorant country brother's tongue, that I hear at the door! I can't think what business can bring him here.—Prithee, my dear, (replies Mr. *Lovit*) if it be him, desire him to walk in.—With that, she goes to the door, and as soon as *Ralph* set eyes on her, he roars out in an awkward clownish rapture. Odsfawnds! *Moll*! haw is't? sblood and guts! I am glad to see yow! why, yow are as vine as a dutchess! sbud! I thought I should never a faund yow aut.—Here, Mrs. *Lovit*, with very little ceremony on her side, conducted him into the parlour, and introduced *Ralph* to her spouse.—My dear, (says she) this is my brother, I hope you'll excuse his unpolished country behaviour, and attribute it to his want of education. But he'll improve, I hope, in time.—Ay, ay, my dear, (quoth he) sit down young man.—Thank you (quoth *Ralph*) I suppose you are *Moll's* husband, an't yow!—Yes, sir, (replies he) I am. How do you like me, pray?—Nay, say, (says *Ralph*) what matter is't how I like yow? it is no business of mine;

mine; if she likes yow, 'tis well enough.—Well, fir, (answers Mr. *Lovit*) I hope she does. Prithee, my dear, get the young man something to eat and drink. But pray (continued he) how long have you been in town? I never heard your sister say any thing that she expected you.—Noa, noa, (quoth *Ralph*) it was no matter: I come o' my own accord o' purpose to make my fortune: and I hope soon to be as rich as *Moll* and yow are.—Well, (replies Mr. *Lovit*) I wish you good luck; and that you may be as happy as your sister and myself. Ay, ay, (cries *Ralph*) I an't at all afraid on't: But, *how many children ha' sister and yow gott'n?*——Why none, (replies Mr. *Lovit*) but 'tis soon enough yet, I hope.—None! (quoth *Ralph*) Waunds! that's your fault then, I am sure; for every body knows, *that sister Moll has had one three years agoa, by Goiles Rapehook the Thresher.*

The secret thus blown, the husband and wife looked at one another for some time, as though they were thunder struck. At length, the poor lady burst into tears; fell upon her knees; confessed her former weakness, and promised, (if her husband would forgive her, as it was a fault committed before he knew her) that she would make, in every respect, the very best of wives;
and

and that he should have no cause to repent his generous pardon——The good gentleman, moved with her tears and promises, (besides, that he dearly loved her) with a mixture of manly tenderness, and prudent reflections that her crime was prior to their marriage; and was not now exposed by any imprudence of hers, and there being no witness of its publication but themselves, he raised her up from her knee, took her in his arms, embraced her, and freely forgave her, upon condition that her stupid boobily brother, should be instantly turned out of the house, and never suffered to come there again.——This was immediately granted, and put in execution the next minute.——And thus *was* Ralph's *fortune made at once.*

*Double Diligence, or Blunder upon
Blunder.*

Man is not the prince of creatures,
But in *Reason*; fail that, he is worse
Than horse, or dog, or beast of wilderiness.

Fields amends for Ladies.

EVERY man has it not in his power to act with the same circumspection as another, neither are the gift of providence bestowed alike on all men. He that meets with success, is too apt to be the most respected by inferiors; and the ignorant man (by him) is held but in little estimation, though perhaps of the two more useful in his calling. The intention of an honest well-meaning man is often misconstrued by the man in power; and the effect of passion, by becoming too predominant, suffers him to lose his reason without making any degree of allowance to the man of a weak capacity. The hero of the following story will sufficiently illustrate the above remarks.

CAPTAIN *Richmore* being just arrived from abroad, and his affairs, or his want
of

of health, obliging him to go to *Bath*, he hired for his servant, a very simple, but well-meaning *Irishman* to go along with him. After he came to be a little settled in a lodging, he wrote to those of his acquaintance whom he thought proper, to inform them where they might direct to him. And taking *Mahony* with him to the post-house, he shewed him where he was to put in all his letters at any time, if he should send him, or likewise to fetch them from it. Some time after this, the captain sends *Honey* (as he generally called him) to enquire whether there were any letters for him or not. When *Honey* came to the post-house, he demanded of the post-master, in his *Irish Brogue*—Well, now, ish there any letters for my maishter here?—I cannot tell (answers the gentleman) what is your master's name!—*Mahony* thinking it was an indignity offered his master to enquire his name, answered.—Arrah, my soul man, vat ish dat to you, vat name is upon him? The post-master perceiving, by his brogue, that he was newly imported, answered him mildly, though he could not refrain laughing at his ignorance, — How should I know whether I have any letters for your master or no, you simple man, if I don't know his name?—Why then,

says the *Irishman*, in a kind of passion, by heaven but you sha'nt know his name now, de devil be after taking me if you shall, and I'll let my maishter know what you shay, that I will.—Pray do, quoth the man.—Away goes *Teague*, full of great disgust, immediately to his master. Arrah, fir, says he, but that same letterman is a great rascal, now, that he is; for upon my should he would not let me have any letter for you unless I would tell him your name.—Well then you did tell him my name, I suppose, did not you? reply'd his master.—No, fait, did not I, answered *Teague*, who's fool den? perhaps he had some bad trick in his head. His master could hardly forbear laughing at this simplicity, and yet was angry too.—Sirrah, said he, go back this minute, and tell the man my name, and if there be any letters for me make haste with them.—*Teague* was almost ashamed to go back on this errand; however, since it must be so, he was willing to put the best face on't that he could.—And, fir, said he, my maishter says that you are very impudent, but since you must know his name, it is captain *Richmore*.—But what is his christian name demands the gentleman.—By Jesus! but that is very pretty now, answered the *Irishman*, I suppose

pose if my maister had a thousand names, you would want to know them all.—I want to know his christian name, quoth the man.—Well den, it ish, de honourable Mr. *James Richmore*, Esq; says *Mahony*.—Then, said the man, here's a letter for him from *Flanders*, and it comes to sixteen pence —Vat ish dat to you (quoth *Teague*) where it came from? give it me.—Nay, said the man, I don't care where it came from so I have the sixteen pence for it.—Sixteen pence for dat letter! quoth *Teague*, by *St Patrick* but I have bought as good a one many a time for a groat; and if you won't take a groat for dat, the devil a farthing more I'll give you, now.—By this time, as *Teague* had almost wearied the man's patience, he replied to him,—Get about your business, you are a fool! I'll send the letter to your maisters lodgings myself.—Egad, and so you may, (says *Teague*) but de de'el a penny more you'll have for't but a groat, I can tell you dat.—And away goes *Teague* without the letter.—When he comes to his master,—Sir, says he, yonder's a great rogue of a cheat that has got an outlandish letter for you, from shome strange place, and says he won't take under sixteen pence for it, fait I did bid him a groat, and he would not take it; and it is more than it is

worth too.—You rascal ! cries his master, in a passion, if you don't fetch me the letter this minute, I'll break every bone in your skin. — At this threatning away flies *Teague* again to the post-house, half frightened out of his wits.—Sir, says he, maister says, that he never gives any such price for letters ; but, however, he won't stand wid you now, so down he pays the sixteen pence, and away he carries the letter. As soon as he came out of the post-house he meets a staring country booby who was going to the post-office with a packet of letters in his hand, whom *Teague* attacks as follows.—Arrah, where are you going wid dat shame letter ? cries *Teague*, with an air of authority, and at the same time snatching it out of the country fellow's hand.—Whay, (quoth the countryman) I was bidden to crom it into yonder place, that it might goa by the post to *Lonon*.—Well, well, says *Teague*, you need not trouble yourself any farther about it, for efait I'll take care of it myshelf. — With that he returns back to the post-office, and the fellow stood all the while to watch him, and see what he would do with his letter ; in he puts his master's *Flanders* letter, and hurries home as fast as he could to the captain with the countryman's letter, who seeing him

him put a letter into the box, doubted not in the least, but that it was his ; and seeing him also come out of the post-office before, the countryman consequently thought he belonged to it. As soon as *Teague* came home, he runs to his master, overjoyed at his good fortune,——Arrah, maishter, says he, fait I am even wid dem now. Here is a letter for the shame money worth two or three of dat oder outlandish one, fait ish it.——When the captain took the letter in his hand, and found it was directed to *London*, he could hardly contain himself.——Sirrah ! said he, you scoundrel ! How came you to bring me this letter ? from where had it you ?——Arrah, maishter, replies *Teague*, don't put yourself into a passion, for upon my shoul it ish a good bargain now, dat it ish.—You villain ! (replies the captain again) if you don't this moment tell me how you came by this packet, and fetch me the letter I sent you for, I'll whip you to death !—Arrah, fait, says *Teague*, but you are angry if a body does well, and you are angry if a body does not do well. And efait, I did thought I did do very well to get a letter three times as big as t'other for de shame money.——Here *Teague* told his master the whole truth how he came by the packet, and what he had done with the

other letter. After receiving a good kick or two on the backside for his diligence and cunning, he was dispatched back again to the post-office for the other letter, where he was obliged to recount the whole story about the packet, and beg very hard to get his master's letter again, which, by the help of providence, set all things to rights; and *Teague* swore the deuce should have him, if ever he would fetch another letter for any body else but his master, except it was directed to his master's own shelf.



*The Unfortunate Fortunate Lover, Or,
Generous Alderman and Lady,*

Fortune's a blind profuser of her own ;
Too much she gives to some, enough to none.

HERRICK.

THE unforeseen misfortunes to which a man is sometimes liable, makes him in a great measure to be pitied by the rest of his fellow creatures. Our follies ought not be ranked under the head of misfortunes, neither should misfortunes in general be deemed follies. If uncommon accidents in life, attended by casualties unforeseen, drive a man to the brink of destruction, he is truly to be lamented ; and the man of a true christian spirit should endeavour, at all events, to assist a fellow sufferer. There are many among the number of the rich and affluent, who are so taken up with trifles of their own, that they cannot spare time to look into the troubles of their fellow-creatures, neither do they care what becomes of the rest of mankind provided their own turns are served. The alderman, in the ensuing story, does not appear to be any way connected with the number of those I have

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been

been just speaking of, but seems truly to sympathize with the misfortunes of his fellow creature.

Mr. *Dorimont*, an agreeable young gentleman in the county of *Somerset*, who had but a small fortune of his own, but great dependance on his relations, and who was a youth of very fine accomplishments, and an amiable person, fell violently in love with *Angelica*, a young lady in that neighbourhood, of a prodigious great fortune, which she had in her own hands ; and who had, within her heart, no less a passion for him. But, whether it was their disproportion of fortunes, or caprice in the lady, I know not ; but though she scrupled not to encourage his addresses, and give him her company upon all occasions without reserve, yet she thought proper to conceal her passion from him : With all the art he could use, he could never draw from her, either a confession of her love, or promise of marriage. In this dubious and uncertain state, he continued his addresses to her, being determined to gain her if possible, and at a very great expence for one of so small a fortune. His constant endeavour was to study every taste, and pursue each method that seemed the most agreeable to his beloved *Angelica*, all which, the capricious lady

lady could be no stranger to ; so that, at length, he had run through all he could command, and was reduced to the greatest necessity imaginable. In this exhausted condition, the lovely *Angelica* had one day, by appointment, desired his company with her to some public entertainment. Poor *Dorimont* being then not master of a guinea, nor knowing how to raise one, without a dreadful exposition of his reduced circumstances, (for he had already raised money by all the methods he could think of) it drove him almost distracted. In this terrible distress, after many reflections and debates within himself, he fixed upon the most desperate and inadvertent adventure that a man could ever have thought of, which was, to take a brace of pistols, and to attempt to raise a contribution upon the highway. The project no sooner came into his head, than he resolved to put it in execution, without consulting the consequences. There was no time he thought to lose, for he was destitute of money, and the next day was fixed for him to accompany his beloved *Angelica* as above : Being equip'd for this dire expedition, he mounts a horse, and out he sets to try his fortune. The first person he happened to meet with (that he imagined worth his while to attack) was one Mr. *Worthy*, a rich alderman and mer-

chant of the city of *Bristol*, who was riding out for the benefit of the air. Our young hero, without hesitation, rides up to him, and pulling out a pistol, salutes the alderman thus :——Sir, I beg your pardon, but my necessity obliges me, and I must demand your money.——The alderman, not much intimidated, as he did not swear, or threaten to blow his brains out, as is usual amongst those gentry, tracing him with his eye, saw something in him, he thought, that did not speak him a common highwayman, and putting his hand in his pocket, he pulled out a handful of silver, to the amount of about forty shillings, which *Dorimont* holding his hat for, the alderman put it therein. Seeing the alderman part with it so easily and chearfully, and being but young in the business, and of a quite different nature to what those kind of gentlemen generally are, it made a deep impression upon him ; and holding his hat to the alderman again, he says to him, ——Sir, believe me I am a gentleman, miserably reduced to the utmost necessity, or I would not have thus attacked you, and if you knew but my wretched situation, I am persuaded you would pity me, in the circumstance that drives me to this hazardous and hateful attempt. For ought I know, sir, this day's success may produce the sudden
crisis

crisis of my fate. However, sir, if you have given me more money than you can conveniently spare, I desire nothing from you but your charity.—His saying this in a very moving manner, and the alderman perceiving in his countenance something unaccountably sweet, persuasive, and nobly pitiful; and his eyes moistened with tears, putting his hand into his pocket again, replied to him thus:—If, Sir, it be really true what you have advanced, and that you are indeed a gentleman in distress, if these can be of any service to you in redeeming you from your misfortunes, there are a couple of guineas more for you, that I don't at present want; and are at your service.—Here the alderman immediately threw them into his hat, to the silver. But, continued he,—I would advise you to reflect upon this hazardous and dreadful employment, and save yourself from ruin if you possibly can, in time. For my part, I shall never hurt you; but, indeed, in my opinion, you are launch'd into a gulph of mortal danger. Poor *Dorimont*, here, was greatly shock'd at the good alderman's discourse, and was now worse distracted than before; for, let him look backwards or forwards, each way presented him no other prospect than unavoidable ruin: However, he both thank'd him for his bounty
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and advice ; and taking his leave with as much politeness and submission as can be imagined, he rode gently off with his booty. When he had got some little way from the alderman, he began to reflect very severely of this desperate undertaking ; and determining never to attempt another robbery, he took a circular ride of several miles round, and made directly away for *Bristol* ; where he intended to stay till it was night, and the very place that (had he known where his good benefactor the alderman lived) above all others he should have avoided. But as we are all under the direction and protection of providence, who has the sole disposing of our fortunes and our persons, let us think or endeavour what we will to the contrary, so it here happened, that the alderman coming home to dinner, and telling the whole adventure, as above, to several of his friends, though without any intent of injury to poor *Dorimont*, but for the oddity of it, and with much tenderness and concern for his necessity ; described him so perfectly, that before night the unfortunate adventurer was taken up, on suspicion, and carried before a magistrate ; he was so shock'd at this sudden and unexpected accident, that he confessed the whole fact, before the good alderman had any notice of his being apprehended.

Upon

Upon this, he was immediately committed to goal, where he was doom'd to take his trial at the next assizes. Upon the alderman's frequent repetition of his uncommon and affecting behaviour towards him when he attack'd him, not a person that heard the story but felt a most tender compassion for him, and the good alderman himself was sorrowfully affected at the news of his being taken, that he wished a thousand times he had never opened his mouth concerning the affair. But how much more he was surpriz'd and affected in a few days after, the reader will judge by the following relation. With the utmost mixture of grief, repentance, and despair! the unhappy *Dorimont*, as soon as he was committed to prison, in the midst of his afflictions, and not hoping, or even desiring to live, wrote to his beloved mistress the following affecting letter. Directed thus within :

To the too lovely! and happy *Angelica*.
DEarest and most perfect of your sex!—
e'er you condescend to read the following account of the sad miseries! sudden destruction! and ignominious fate of him who not only doats upon you, but has now even sacrificed his fame and life for your dear sake! oh, pave your gentle heart! and steel your tender nature! least it should disturb
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the quiet of your peaceful breast. Tho' a dishonourable and vilest death is now but a short and destin'd space before me, yet, am I so fallen, that, to miserable me ! it even seems whole ages to it. Had I but acquired (for your dear sake !) a glorious death, the whole earth would then have envied, and heaven would have rewarded me the virtue of my fall. But now ! both angels and nature will ever hold my death and crimes most loath'd ! if you would be informed of my wretched state, and the nature of my crime, I must desire you to enquire it of Mr. alderman *Worthy* of *Bristol* ; for oh ! too sure have I committed what I can neither name nor write. I shall therefore, now, only beg leave to add this much, that none can describe, nor even conceive the distracting, violent pangs ! and struggling conflict in my mind, e'er I determined to act this rash ! black deed ! but what cannot proud, ambitious love do ? I was ashamed to say my little means were spent ! nor, knew I where to apply myself for assistance, with any view of future success. — Oh, why was fortune so scanty in my provision ? or, I so fatally ambitious in my love ? but what is it that beauty, powerful bewitching beauty cannot do ? — oh fortunate ! and happy *Angelica* ! — As fortune, before, had made me unworthy of your
love ;

love ; so now, by my own rash actions, am I plunged by fate, too far, I fear ! below your smallest pity. Therefore, thou spotless ! worthiest of all nature ! as all my hopes of life and earthly bliss are now vanith'd, the remainder of my short and wretched days will I spend in continual prayers for your perpetual happiness. Adieu, thou charming object of my last ! dear ! earthly thoughts ! for never ! oh ! never but in dreams and imaginations only, shall I ever see thee more, &c.

DORIMONT.

When the beauteous *Angelica* received this imperfect letter, let any one judge what dreadful thoughts, and terrible ideas accumulated in her tender bosom. She sometimes feared that he had murdered some of his relations ; and at other times she feared somewhat worse than that, if possible : For she was so troubled and embarrassed at the news, that she knew not what to think. The next day, when she had a little recovered from her surprize, and thoroughly reflected upon the letter, which she read over and over ; love, that powerful deity, got the dominion in her generous and tender breast, and wrought the following effect. She determined now to go to *Bristol*, and inform herself as much as possible of his dreadful history ;

history ; and likewise to do the utmost in her power to serve and comfort him. Taking her coach, away she goes for *Bristol*, fill'd with embarrassment ! fear ! and anxiety, where she hoped to learn (though dreaded to enquire) the true state of her lover's misfortune ; and also what the town said of it ; whether she was censured in the case or not, (because it was a publick thing, that he had long kept her company, and her fortune being in her own hands, herself at her own disposal, without any bar to hinder her inclination, the publick were a little surprized that she had not either forbid his addresses, or else have married him long before, which would have prevented this disaster.) But when she heard the common report, and the whole history of his unfortunate adventure, and likewise found there was a general regret and lamentation for his being taken and committed ; and hearing so moving and novelous an account of his attacking the alderman as has been above related, she thought the fact against him in a manner nothing, (in comparison of what she had before conceived of it by his letter) and therefore she now found all that was to be done, in order to save his life, was to prevail with the alderman, of whom she had heard a very pleasing character, not to appear against him at the assizes. For although

though he had confessed the fact before the justice, yet, if he pleaded not guilty at the bar, and no witness should appear against him, it would be look'd upon by the court as nothing, and the law would then acquit him. Therefore, since he had in his letter charged his constant and ardent love for her, as the sole cause of his necessity, and thus risking his life for her sake, she was determined to leave nothing undone if possible to save him. After weighing a great many reflections within herself, (as how, and in what manner she should proceed) she, at length, resolved to go to the alderman herself, and use her utmost interest and endeavours with him, that he might not appear against him at his trial. After she had concluded within her own mind, in what manner she should address him, she repairs immediately to his house, where she enquired, whether the alderman was at home: Being answered in the affirmative, she quitted her coach, and was conducted by a servant into a parlour: as soon as the alderman came to wait on her, she, without much prologue, addressed him in the manner following;—Though, Sir, I am a stranger to your personal acquaintance, yet, I am happily (I may say) intimate with your good character, and which has encouraged me to trouble you with my present business; which,

which, fir, when you shall come to be informed of, I doubt not, but it will a good deal amaze you. The substance of it is this :

I am informed, fir, that there is now in prison, an unfortunate young gentleman, for assaulting and robbing you on the highway : for which crime he is to be tried for his life, at the ensuing assizes. How far I am concerned, or ought to be for his interest, that letter, fir, can the best and shortest way inform you.—Here, she gave the alderman the above letter to read. After he had perused it with much attention, and very great amazement, she continued thus :—I apprehend, fir, that I may spare my speech, in regard to any farther illustration of the present story ; that epistle, I presume, fir, has sufficiently informed you, that I can no wise consider this affair in any trifling light. Therefore, I must farther assure you, that I fear, if he should stand convicted for this offence, I shall never after enjoy a moment's peace of mind. Your generous behaviour towards him, when he attack'd you, fir, has fill'd the breast of every person that hears it, with pleasure and amazement, and I must own, half convinces me, that what I came here to ask of you, you will as readily and generously grant ; which, fir, is this : That,

as

as he has not attempted to repeat his crime ; nor never did, as he says, (and I must believe him) from that minute intend it ; and being so sensibly afflicted with what he did to you, as well as affected by what you were at that time pleased to advance to him, I must beg that you will use your utmost power and interest to save his unhappy life. On which, and, on that alone, I am thoroughly satisfied depends my own.—
Madam, (replied the alderman) as far as I can judge by this letter, and also, by what you have now yourself advanced, unless you will do more for him, much more than barely soliciting for my assistance, (if I should be so fortunate as to save him) you will only destroy what I would willingly preserve. That he loves you more than life, I verily do believe ; and if he should be acquitted of this offence, and you forsake him afterwards, what must be the consequence ? it would be but to plunge him into a new and lingering death, and committing an act of the greatest cruelty. For he is of such a generous spirit, and of so tender a nature, (which perhaps his great love for you has moulded him to) that unless your own generosity would deign to make him happy afterwards, I am persuaded his presumption will never aspire to ask it ; therefore, madam, it is only procuring him
life,

life, to plunge him into another kind of death. But now, madam, as you have asked me one favour, in his behalf, (to make his prospect as compleat as possible) I shall petition you for another: By your coming to me on this occasion, seems as though you had this gentleman's deliverance very much at heart, and if you mean to commit no cruelty by what you do, that is, I mean not to mock him with a pretence of life, only, you shall receive from me all the hopes that you can desire on that head. That is to say, in plainer terms, if you will join with me, not only to give him life, but also to make it worth his while to live, *that*, madam, will be doing something to the purpose! therefore, I say, do you give me a bond of ten thousand pounds, to oblige yourself to marry him, (if he be honourably acquitted) and I'll give you a bond for five thousand, payable the day after his trial is over, if he be not honourably acquitted. Now, by this proposal, madam, I shall perceive whether you are in earnest really to serve this unhappy gentleman, or not.

To this honourable proposition, the generous and lovely *Angelica*, hesitated not a moment, but with a true munificent spirit, replied to the alderman as follows:—Sir, your generous example is too good, too great,

great, and too acceptable not to be imitated! you can have no interest in this noble proposition, but a true and worthy delight in doing good. But as for me, I look upon myself, (though innocent of his crime) as greatly concerned in his present danger. And though many people will doubtless arraign my conduct, for such an action; yet, as I have an independent fortune sufficient to support me, I have no cause to regulate my proceedings according to the gross acceptations of the world, therefore, Sir, I am resolved, and am very willing to accept of those your generous proposed conditions: And as I am persuaded that nothing in this world can possibly make us happy, without a perfect tranquility, and true peace of mind, so am I also satisfied, that nothing can contribute so much to mine, as the life and safety of Mr. *Dorimont*.—Upon this, they both consented to send immediately for an attorney, and accordingly had the bonds filed up, which were exchanged by them directly. Soon after this important act, Mr. *Dorimont* was, by degrees, given to understand what had been transacted in his favour, least the grief which his folly and misfortune had thrown him into, might continue to impair his health.

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When his trial came on, and he was arraigned ; he, according to his instructions, pleaded not guilty ; then his own confession of the fact, was produced and read in court. But he assuring the court that it was only the effect of his confusion, and his being not sensible of what he said or did, it was immediately rejected. And then witnesses for the crown were called, but none of them appearing, the prisoner was acquitted ; and ordered by the court to be immediately released.

This was no sooner done, but the bells in a minute began to ring ; and loudly, and merrily proclaimed a general joy. Sports and publick rejoicings were likewise made all over the country. But the now happy *Dorimont* ! was no sooner discharged by the court, and had rendered there his tribute of most grateful thanks, but he was conducted to the aforesaid alderman's house ; where, there was one ready to receive him, to whom he was more indebted than even to the good alderman himself : My readers may easily suppose I mean the divine *Angelica*. But who can conceive the overbearing tide of transports that flowed in all their breasts ? the grateful and ravished *Dorimont* was no sooner entered the room, where his generous creditors the good alderman, and the adored *Angelica* were, but his
spirits

spirits were so suddenly confused with ecstasy and gratitude, that he knew not where he should first address the unspeakable and unmeasureable sense of his mighty obligations ! but after a moment's wild amazement and confusion, he flew with eager rapture to the feet of his dear and generous *Angelica*, and kissed, and bathed them with the inundating stream of his most grateful and transported tears. His speech had for some time forsook him ; and he could only embrace her feet ! and then her hands ! then smite his breast ! and sigh ! and look ! and prostrate himself upon the floor, for some minutes. She had no sooner raised him up again, and expressed her almost equal joy, but casting round his eye, he began the same scene, with the good alderman, who soon prevented the profusion of his extravagant gratitude, and rapture, by raising him upon his feet, and addressed him as follows.

Sir, you cannot be more transported, nor more sensible of your happy change of fortune, than I am inwardly pleased, that I had it in my power to contribute the least part towards your present prospect of a real happiness, (if such a thing can be on earth) But the great sum of your obligation is indeed due to that most worthy, and truly amiable lady ! whose uncommon ! nay, god like

god-like generosity, has not only assisted to the utmost to save your life; but has likewise, condescended to confirm your happy fate, by making you her husband, which noble act, I hope, and doubt not, your good conduct and behaviour during your future life, will sufficiently recompence her for.

This pleasing assurance from the kind alderman, in presence of the lady, had like to have overcome the happy *Dorimont*. But *Angelica* advancing to him, gave him her hand, (which he almost devoured with kisses!) and confirmed what the alderman had before advanced in every particular. Accordingly, the day for solemnizing their nuptials, was immediately fixed. The generous alderman had the honour and pleasure of giving the divine *Angelica* in marriage, which was celebrated with all the publick joy, splendour, and magnificence that can be imagined. Thus, was this, now, most happy youth! raised unexpectedly from despair and death, to the greatest pitch of happiness this world could possibly afford him; and the uncommon generosity of both the alderman and the bride, were, by every tongue, applauded to the very skies.

Mimickry not always successful.

Freedom in point of honour often errs,
And they are best whom fortune least prefers:

JOHNSON.

HOW ridiculous does a man render himself when he attempts to mimick the man of consequence.—Every class of men are ordained agreeable to what providence has suitably designed them, and in that sphere of life they ought to move and in no other.—How awkwardly does the mechanic appear when he affects the gentleman, or the gentlemen when he apes the nobleman.—Too much affection often times are the effect of miscarriages, and produced by a man's suffering himself to attempt what he neither understands, or was ever naturally turn'd for. But a conscientious regard for a man's own inability, shews him to be possess of common sense at least, and when that is the case (as it will be plainly prov'd in the following story) his own deficiency is more to be pitied than blamed.

Sir *Gregory Heartfree*, a worthy gentleman in *Kent*, was one day out a shooting near his own seat; as he was returning home to dinner, about a quarter of a mile from his house, he met with *Peter Plodwell*, one of his tenants, a very creditable farmer, who saluted him with his hat; sir *Gregory* stopped some time to talk with him, and at length insisted that the farmer should go home and dine with him. — Neighbour, (says he) you have promised me several times to take a dinner with me, and now, I insist upon it, you shall go with me: I have none but my own family to-day, and dinner will be ready in half an hour; make no words to the contrary, but come along. — Noa, sir, (replies the farmer) I thank your worship, I cannot come to-day; I have dined these two hours. — Why then, (says his landlord) you are ready by this time for another dinner; and, as the saying is, the less will serve your turn. I insist upon your company. — Lord, sir! (quoth the farmer) I had rather dine with your worship's servants a thousand times. Besides, sir, if I come, I am sure, I shall be so ungain, that I shall certainly disoblige madam, in some shape or other. — Not at all, (reply'd the knight) she'll be glad to see thee, and takes it very unkind that you never come
to

to take a dinner with us.—After a good deal of persuasion, the farmer at length consented: but all the way he went, he still complained to sir *Gregory*, that he was sure he should certainly disoblige madam. Here it is proper to let my readers know, that the knight was in temper, the very reverse of his lady. For as he was quite free, generous, and good-natured; she was as reserved, proud, and ill-natured.—However, sir *Gregory*, was resolved that the honest farmer should absolutely dine with him that day; and home he takes the farmer directly with him. But when they came there, *Peter* would fain have gone into the servants hall, to dine with them, but could by no means gain permission.—Why (cries the farmer) what must I do, an't please your worship? I never go amongst any women gentlefolks, not I. I shall certainly affront somebody, as sure as a gun.—No, no, (quoth the knight) and to prevent any thing of that sort, I'll tell thee what thou shalt do, that thou mayst be sure to be quite right; thou shalt sit at table directly over against me; I'll carve for thee; and do thee mind and do as I do, and then thou canst not affront any body except I do too.—Well, sir, (quoth the farmer) I'll try my best.—Ay, ay, (says his landlord) be sure mind me, and

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then we shall do well enough, I'll warrant thee.—Into the parlour they then went together, where they had not been long, before the lady came to them, and dinner was called for. As soon as she came into the room, poor *Peter* began to scrape, bow, blush, and wish from his heart that he was somewhere else. Seeing of this, sir *Gregory* whispers him in the ear,—Now, neighbour, be sure you mind and do as I do.—With that, giving *Peter* the wink, he goes very gallantly up to his lady, and salutes her.—My dear, (says he) this is farmer *Plodwell*; and I have brought him home to dine with us —He is very welcome, (answers the lady, courtesying) I hope all your family is well, neighbour.—Pure well, thankee, madam, (replies *Peter*, bowing.—Ay, but remember, farmer, (quoth sir *Gregory*) what you promised, as we came along. Come, you know what I mean.—Here he made signs to the farmer, to salute his lady, but bashful *Peter* did not chuse to understand him. At length, sir, *Gregory* (resolving to have his humour out) taking him by the hand,—What! (says he) will you not salute my wife? if thou does not, man, she'll be affronted by-and-bye.—At this, the proud lady began to pout like a turkey cock; and the countryman began to blush afresh,
and

and quake and tremble like a coward at his last chance. But the knight made him advance whether he would or no ; and led him, on by main force, towards the lady, bowing all the way he went, and thrusting out his lips half a yard before him to meet her ; which when he had done, he made her such a reverend and genteel bow, that the lady thought he was going to throw his head in her face. All this was nuts for the good knight. But now, ceremonies being over, down they all sat to dinner, and the farmer was placed at the lady's left hand, directly over-against his landlord, that he might conveniently observe his behaviour, so as to copy it that instant. Every time sir *Gregory* put down his knife and fork, the farmer laid down his ; when sir *Gregory* called for any thing to drink, the farmer did the same, exactly. At last, the knight having dined, and not thinking immediately of his pupil, happened to lean back in his chair, picking his teeth, and talking of something or other, in an easy, careless manner, which the farmer observing, thought he must do the same ; but being not quite so used to it as his landlord was, he happened to lean a little too far back, in the imitation, when, all on a sudden, he found himself and his chair going beyond an equilibrium, and tumbling

backwards together; to prevent which, he suddenly tried to catch hold of the table to save himself; but he unfortunately missed the table, and only caught hold of the cloth; Down he went, and pulled the table-cloth, dishes, plates, saucers, and all that was on the table, together, upon the lady's cloaths and himself. Here, the lady seeing this disaster, the things all about the floor, and the farmer rolling in the midst of them, and herself so greased, she began to be much alarm'd; but the farmer gathering himself up again, with all the dexterity that he possibly could, begg'd the lady's pardon. Cried out to sir *Gregory*,—naw, sir I told you I should disoblige madam; and naw, d'ye see! I've all spoil'd her gown!—well, well, (quoth the knight) never mind it *Peter*; the joak is worth a hundred of them, at any time, besides it was my fault, not thine; and I'll give thee a bottle of the best wine in my cellar for't.—So, here the lady was obliged to retire to re shift herself, and her husband staid with the farmer, and made him drunk for his ingenuity.

Bravery

Bravery rewarded and Cowardice punished.

Fear is my vassel, when I frown, he flies;
A hundred times in life a coward dies,

MARSTON.

THERE are no kind of people whose conversation in general are so entertaining as those sort of sea-faring men, who derive their courage and magnanimity from thought and reflection. The many adventures which attend their way of life, renders their conversation so full of incidents, and gives them so frank an air in speaking of what they have been witnesses of, that no company can be more aimable than theirs. This observation holds good only to some of these kind of people of whom I have been speaking, where a tolerable education, genteel deportment, and true bravery constitutes the man. In the following story my reader will find a sensible distinction between the brave man and the coward; the latter, when danger seems at a distance, bravadoes it with all the marks of true courage; but when danger draws near, his dastardly soul betrays him, and sufficiently proves the

difference betwixt real magnity and false courage.

IN the reign of our late sovereign King George, one Mr. *Peacock*, a gentleman of uncommon behaviour, for a seaman, was, by the interest of his friends, appointed commander of the *Bristol* man of war, a 60 gun ship: which honourable post, for some time, suited extreamly well with the captain's conveniency and taste. He was excessively fond of ease, delicacy and grandeur, and as his ship was stationed, (and had been for some time) at *Spithead*, he could enjoy his commission to the height of his desire, without inconveniency and danger. He was never seen on board of his ship, but in extreme fine weather, having a house at *Portsmouth*, to reside at, elegantly furnished, so that, when he pleased to visit his ship, a prince could not be happier, nor have more respect paid him. If he dined on board, a most elegant dinner was prepared; his barge attended his command; his officers received him with homage, and full dressed; his band of musick struck up with instruments of joy: the ship was clean from head to stern, and a certain holiday rejoiced the crew. Sports and gambols were constantly contrived, and nought but mirth appeared in every face.

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The captain himself was always brilliant in his dress, and being of a delicate nature, had a mortal aversion to things out of order; so that the sight of a tar-bucket, or a rope uncoil'd, would put him out of temper, till the one was removed, and the other put to rights. In order to gladden every breast with the most seraphic glee, he never appeared upon the deck, but like the rising sun, he put on all his glory; and with gold, gems, and colours of the brightest dye, he blest their wondering eyes with his radiance. In this happy state he continued for near a twelvemonth; when cruel fortune turned her back upon him, and left our happy captain, I may say, for ever. For in the very height of the pleasant summer season, a sudden and unexpected order was sent express, from the hard hearted admiralty, directing and requiring our angelic captain to immediately quit the indulgent shore, and put to sea upon a six weeks cruize, with the very first fair wind. At the good captain's receiving this unwelcome packet, it threw him into a most violent disorder; and he had some thoughts of resigning his commission, rather than endanger his health and constitution on the boisterous sea. Besides this, there was a hazard of meeting with the ill natured *French*, to whom he had a most

inveterate hatred, and with whom we were then at open war ; and therefore 'twas to be imagined, that those cruel lords, who imposed this task upon him, might expect that he should dispute with any of them, with his noisy guns, according to the vulgar *English* custom, should they come in his way. How agreeable such a requisition was to our peaceable commander, my reader will presently find. Noise and hurry were enemies to his repose, and the stench of stinking gunpowder, was poison to his nostrils. Lameness, and loss of blood, were things to be loathed and dreaded ; and then, for death, he was neither prepared, nor could endure the thoughts of. All which being thrown into the scale together, there was nothing to be thought of, that could counterballance it. He advised and counselled with his first lieutenant, in order to sound him about it, but he was too much of the water-savage, to give him any comfort. But on the contrary, urged a vile and sinister prospect of making a fortune at the expence of the enemy, (should it so happen, that any of them might come in their way.) This unmerciful discourse was murder to our captain's ear ; and therefore his own reflection was the only thing left to determine him. And now he considers, that should he, on any
pre-

pretence, quit the ship, he should not only disoblige the cruel admiralty, but also his best friends, who might put ill-natured constructions upon his conduct, and by that means not get another ship. Without this, he was absolutely ruined, for he had no other fortune to live upon. And yet six weeks was an age to suffer the dangers and inconveniencies he was doom'd to. At length, reflecting that it was possible he might not meet with any of those innocent *Frenchmen*, whose blood he did not wish to answer for ; and that though six weeks was a great while, yet it would sometime have an end, he plucked up a noble spirit, and resolved to obey his orders. In a day or two after, the wind coming about fair, he weighed anchor, and set forth to sea.—Several weeks past with pretty tolerable fortune ; good weather, little wind, and no interruption. But (as we are never secure in any earthly happiness) fate, like *Proteus*, in a moment changed his aspect, and from the most promising prospect of success, instantly produced the most terrible reverse that horror can describe. They were now about 10 leagues from the land's end, making for the bay of *Biscay*, in an indolent manner, after the rate of about a knot an hour, when an impudent busy fellow at the mast head roared out, a sail ! a sail ! at
this

this sudden salute, the ship's crew were all in an uproar, and the captain being informed of it, came staring from his cabin half frightened out of his wits, and demanding what point she bore from them, asked likewise, who could see her; and being answered, that she was spied by *Jack Quicksight*, from the mast-head, the captain replied,—d—n that fellow! what business has he there? bid him come down this minute!—and turning to the first lieutenant, asked whether he could see any ship? who returned, no, sir, not as yet; but doubtless we shall presently, since she has descried upon our weather-bow, and bearing down towards us under all her cloaths.—This was an unhappy situation for the poor captain; for without going directly back again, there was no such thing as avoiding her, for in about an hour and an half she appeared visible to the naked eye, a stout large ship of war, mounting as many guns as the *Bristol*; and what was worse, steered a direct course towards her. Upon discovering her to be a ship of force, the captain sent for his first lieutenant into his state-room to him; and asked him what he thought was best to be done.—I am convinced, (says he) that she is a first rate; and though ours is a good ship, and very well mann'd, yet her weight of mettall will certainly overpower us;

us ; therefore, in order to save the ship, I could find in my heart to tack about, and make again for the channel ; perhaps we may meet with assistance. One more *English* ship, (though but a frigate) would enable us to attack her with some prospect. But as it is, to engage her, is putting the king's ship and subjects upon too great a hazard ; and my precipitation may be very much blamed for it. What is your opinion Mr. *Heartwell*? don't you think it is best, and most prudent to bear away from her? it is morally impossible to sustain an opposition to such a ship as this certainly is. Why her lower tier mounts six and thirty pounders at least ; and are sufficient to blow us to the devil ; let her blow us to hell, if she can, (replies the lieutenant) by my consent, we'll have a brush with her, if she's an enemy. But, (continued he) perhaps she may be an *English* Ship ; or, may be a *French* indiaman ; and then she'll be worth our speaking with. But be what she will, I'm sure she's no first rate ! and to alter our course, from her, would appear like cowardice ; therefore, sir, I would advise you to clear ship fore and aft ; and make ready with all speed for an engagement. Our lads are ready to leap out of their skins, for joy, at the sight of her. And by the mefs ! she seems worth speaking with. What do you say, sir, shall I clear

clear ship?—Ay, I think so! (says the stout captain, looking as pale as death) but let the fellows do it with as little noise as possible; because I am very much out of order. And send me two or three decent, sober fellows, that will be careful, to pack up my china; and carry it down to the store-room: for I would not have my china broken for the world! and pray Mr. *Heartwell*, don't let my cabin and state-room be pulled down till the last thing. Because, in case she should not be an enemy, I shall then avoid all that disorder. The rest I submit to you.

Very well, sir, (replies the lieutenant.)—He was scarce out of the state-room, before he roared out, with all his might, here, boatswain! pipe the hands up! where's the carpenter? let him knock down all the cabins, and clear ship! call the gunner to me. Every man to his hammock; and bring them upon deck directly.—This was glorious news to the whole ship's crew, who instantly set up three unanimous huzza's! that almost put the captain into convulsions, and occasioned him to send an immediate message to Mr. *Heartwell*, requiring him to be more wary and silent in the execution of his duty, least he should alarm the enemy, (if she should prove such) and be the occasion of her getting

getting away from them.—But the lieutenant sent him an answer, that soon eased him of that fear: for he bid the steward tell the captain, that she seemed so far from desiring to get off, that he knew her to be a *French* ship of 64 guns, and was bearing down upon them, with intention to engage them. This answer was received by captain *Peacock*, like the sentence of death. And what to do, or how to dispose of himself, he could not devise. *Heartwell*, he knew, was too eager and stubborn to hearken to him, and therefore, he was obliged to acquiesce with his humour for the present, but had other determinations for the future. While the captain was thus in the utmost anxiety, scheming to himself, the ship's whole company were in the utmost hurry and bustle. All things being in readiness, and the *French* ship, (for so she proved) within less than half a league of them, the captain thought proper to mount the quarter-deck, where he made a most illustrious figure, for he had a pair of fine white gloves on; a short silk jacket, (we'll suppose, not made on purpose to fight in) which reached to about half way down his thighs; a pair of fine white roll up stockings, and high top shoes, that ascended half way up his shins; and a very little low-brimm'd hat, laced and plum'd
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in a sumptuous manner. With all these, he had a thin, white, weasel face, and a wild and ghastly look, that rendered him altogether a most fantastical and grotesque figure. As soon as he came upon deck, he takes hold of the spying-glass, and after he had viewed the enemy once through it, he says to the first lieutenant,——Good God! Mr. *Heartwell*, she has five thousand hands on board! the lord send she may not sink us, the first broadside!——Never fear, sir, (replies the lieutenant) only see what a general chearful countenance appears amongst the whole crew! we shall make her dance to some tune, presently, I'll answer for't. And, with your leave, (as we are all ready) I'll advance a word or two to encourage them.——Ay, ay, do; (says the captain) I hope, if she be a *French* Ship, that she won't make long work on't, for the sake of the poormen, and their families.—Here, the boatswain was ordered to pipe all hands, and the first lieutenant advancing to the front of the quarter-deck, (after silence was commanded) pulled off his hat, and addressed the whole crew as follows:

My brave lads! you see an enemy here before us, of equal force, ready to engage; she is not only, by solemn declaration, an enemy to our king and country, but also to our holy religion; persecuting our poor fellow-

fellow-subjects, (whenever within their power) as enemies to God, and treating them with all kinds of cruelties. I therefore, (by the captain's permission) desire to inform you, that he is determined, with a true *English* Spirit, either to subdue this bold *French-man*, and carry her (a pledge and token of our duty and courage) into our native country, or fall a noble sacrifice in the brave attempt. I must exhort every man to be resolute and diligent in his respective station; and do assure you, for my own part, that I am determined, to stand by you all to the last drop of my blood. And yet, will I, to the utmost of my power, be as careful of you all, as I possibly can be of my own life. And now, my lads, every man to his particular station, and may the almighty God, in whose cause we fight, preserve you all, and crown you with a victory. — These words were no sooner out of Mr. *Heartwell's*, mouth, than the whole ship's crew signed their applause by three loud huzza's; and which contributed something to raise, for a moment, the depressed spirits of the pusillanimous captain. But the crew had no sooner proclaimed their aforesaid approbation, than the enraged *Frenchman*, (taking it for an insulting defiance) discharged a whole broadside at them. But, being a full mile distance

distance from them, chanced not to touch them with one shot. The *Bristol* being under *French* colours, Mr. *Heartwell* advised the captain not to fire a gun, or open a port, but to keep their men all snug, till they came within pistol-shot of her; and then, (when they could point every gun, and were sure of doing execution) to shew their best *English* play.—To this the captain reply'd,—Ye-yes, yes, let us do them what mischief we can, to be sure. But I am afraid they should carry away our masts, before we come near enough. And then we shall not be able to work the ship. Besides, I have heard a very experienced and good commander say, that it was very ill conduct to engage an enemy too near; because you were, thereby, liable every moment of being blown up, or else sunk, through the intense heat, and power of the balls.—Why then, sir, (reply'd the lieutenant) she'll be in the same danger from us, and they shall soon see we are not afraid of her.—So they kept hugging the wind as much as they could, hoping to gain the weather-gage of the hasty *Frenchman*, but in that point they could not get the advantage, nor had the *Frenchman* much of her; however, the *Bristol* received a second broadside from her, without returning a gun. But the captain being in the
utmost

utmost agitation, (though the ship was in no proper position for it) cried out, in a low and trembling accent,—fire! gentlemen, fire!—this dreadful command was uttered in such a thundering tone, that the people upon the upper deck were insensible of its being pronounced; and the first lieutenant perceiving the captain's courage, kept a strict eye and ear towards him, so that he had scarcely uttered the word fire, but the lieutenant steps to him. —S'blood! sir, do you know what you are about? don't you see we are under *French* colours? would you forfeit the honour of your country, as well as your conduct, to engage under false colours?—That's very true, (cries the captain) I did not observe that; pray haul them down! for if we give them a good broad-side, and they see we are not afraid of them, perhaps they may run away.—These words were scarce out of his mouth, when the *Frenchman* gave them a third salute, which carried away part of the *Bristol's* carv'd work, but did no other damage. Upon which the captain squall'd out, O *Cb—st*! she's a very dreadful ship! —At this, Mr. *Heartwell* turns upon him, —Zoons! sir, are you afraid! —No, no, (replied the captain) I am not afraid! pray bid the people fire! —So taking out of his pocket a smelling-bottle, he

he applied it to his nose, with these words, —the stink of their filthy gunpowder will be the death of me.—Why then, (replies the lieutenant) the strength of our gunpowder shall revenge your cause.—And being now within a cable's length of them, the *Frenchman* began to p'ay away pretty briskly upon them; which put our magnanimous captain in a most unsavory condition. But *Heartwell* had a nearer view, for he had ordered the gunner to load all round with double head shot, and not to fire a gun without a tolerable certainty of execution, which order was strictly observed: for by-and-bye, when the *Frenchman* had discharged one side, and was luffing up, to present them with a second, *Heartwell*, that moment, run up his *English* colours and pour'd in so successful a discharge, that he carry'd away *Monsieur's* fore-topmast, the main-topmast-stay, some part of the main shrouds, and did other damage, and then sweeten'd it with three general cheers; which were scarce ended, before the insensated *Frenchman* return'd the complement, with another thunder-shower: the effect of which had done the business, had not the busy and bloody minded lieutenant interposed in a very insolent and rebellious manner: for it happening that the enemy's discharge carried away a poor fellow's head, that

was quartered at small arms upon the quarter-deck, so near the captain, that some of his blood flew upon his silk jacket, which produced such a dreadful and instantaneous panic in the bold captain *Peacock*, that he call'd out with all his might to the quarter-master, on the poop, to strike the colours; and, which were actually half way down the mast, before the first lieutenant could interpose: but, as I observ'd before, he having great reason to distrust his conduct, kept a good look out; and as soon as he heard the word repeated strike the colours, he immediately roar'd out—
G—d d—n you, sir! strike the colours at your peril: hoist them again this moment, or i'll shoot you dead! — this was no sooner done, but he seiz'd hold of the captain by the collar, and taking his sword out of his trembling hand, deliver'd him into the hands of a couple of fellows with orders to carry him down to the surgeon, to be let blood, and to remain with him there till the engagement was over: which being done, he assum'd the command and management of the ship himself. And with so much courage and conduct did he maintain the fight, that in about two glasses, the *Frenchman* being tore to pieces in her masts and rigging, was obliged to strike, having 190 men kill'd and wounded. Whereas, the
Bristol

Bristol had but 4 men kill'd and 23 wounded. No sooner was the engagement over, but the first lieutenant sent to speak with the surgeon, he came to him immediately; and asking him if he had let the captain blood, who answer'd (with an intelligible smile) in the affirmative. To which, Mr. *Heartwell* reply'd—Please sir, to bear my compliments to the captain, inform him of our success, and let him know that I'll wait upon himself to enquire after his health, as soon as I have set ourselves a little to rights. In the mean time, I must beg that he may remain with you, and desire you will take all the care that is possible of the poor lads, who are wounded; and dress those first that are in the greatest danger.

Here the surgeon return'd to the cockpit, as he was ordered, and the *French* officers being brought on board the *Bristol*, and all things again put to rights, the officers according to their rank, followed the example of their first lieutenant; who, with the utmost complaisance, waited on the valiant captain to enquire after his health. But to his mortification, he had not only forfeited all claim to the honour and benefit of the prize, but also found he was likely to remain a prisoner till he ignominiously returned to *England*, and that too, with the unanimous concurrence of the whole ship's

ship's company. However, Mr. *Heartwell* had humanity and complaisance enough to fit up the captain's cabin again commodiously; to which he restor'd him, but not at large; for he had a continual guard over him, and the surgeon's two mates constantly relieved one another with watch and watch, during the whole cruize, till they arriv'd at *Spithead*; where they had the pleasure to find their aforesaid prize was safe arriv'd before them. As soon as they came to anchor, Mr. *Heartwell* wrote up the whole account of his conduct to the admiralty; as likewise did the noble captain *Peacock*; who also demanded his liberty, which was absolutely denyed him by Mr. *Heartwell*, till he had receiv'd his farther instructions from the board. The oddity of both these officers behaviour, (which was exactly opposite and contrary) made a very great noise all over *England*, and every body breath'd forth the praises of the worthy Mr. *Heartwell*; and as much to the disadvantage of the poor innocent captain. But tho' the lieutenant receiv'd the compliments of the public, he was disappointed of them if he expected the same from the board; for in less than a week's time, he receiv'd an order from the admiralty to quit the ship, and prepare himself to answer for his misconduct at a court-martial, which
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was order'd, by their lordships, to try both the captain and himself. This advice did not at all affect the brave lieutenant, who had already prepared his defence, in his mind, imagining from the first that it would be demanded of him. However, he had the satisfaction to find, that the captain was still detain'd a prisoner by the same order; and though he was directed and requir'd to quit the ship; yet, as he was not taken into custody, he look'd upon it as a good omen, and the whole ship's company, he was sure was in his interest. But his personal defence was what he most rely'd on; and, indeed (as my reader will find) was quite sufficient; for the time being come, he was arraign'd for disobeying his captain's command, and also for mutiny; in laying violent hands upon his captain, and without any precedent, or authority for so doing, committing him (*vi et armis*) a close prisoner, and so detaining him till the end of his cruize. To which accusation, he pleaded not guilty: after many witnesses were were examined on both sides, the court demanded what he had to say in his own defence, who answered them as follows.

Gentlemen, I shall not pretend to trouble you with a preamble of the captain's common behaviour, because you may possibly

sibly conceive it both needless and improper at this time, therefore, I shall only proceed to advance my reasons for acting so repugnant to the rules of the navy, as well as my commander's approbation. As I intend to present it to your honours, in the fewest words I am capable, I hope you will please to consider and weigh it afterwards, without favour or prejudice. On the 9th of *June*, about ten in the morning, in latitude 49-30, ten leagues from the land's end, steering a south-east course, with a light gale of wind upon our beam, we were informed by the watch at the mast-head, of a sail appearing upon our larboard bow, and bearing down towards us; upon which I instantly acquainted my captain with it, who immediately came upon deck, and both by his words and looks discovered an embarrassment, and disapprobation of the news: In a very short time after this, the aforesaid ship appeared quite plain to the naked eye, a stout large ship of force, which was a very disagreeable sight to the captain; for, as your honours have already heard from the witnesses, he proposed to tack about, and make again for the channel; as not supposing himself sufficiently able to attack her. But, at my disapprobation of that scheme, and my contrary persuasions, he, at length, gave his consent that we should prepare for

engaging her, which was accordingly done. As she came nearer and nearer to us, our captain grew so very ill, that even his smelling-bottle could scarcely keep life in him; and he shewed so many symptoms of disorder (before we fired a gun) both in the shaking and faltering of his voice, and frequent and sudden changes in his face, that I expected every moment he would swoon away upon the deck. Observing him thus distempered, I kept as strict an eye upon him as possible, fearing some sudden accident would happen to him. We had no sooner began the engagement, than the captain, in the utmost confusion, called out, as well as he could, to the quarter-master upon the poop, to strike the colours. Hearing that, and not finding ourselves in the least disabled, and only engaging with an enemy of equal force, I conceived that if the captain had not been terribly distempered, he would not so precipitately have given away one of the best ships the king had in the navy. I therefore thought it my duty, as the next officer, to do in the manner that I did, and humbly submit to your honours, to adjudge me according to your wisdom and opinion. I looked upon the captain's disorder to call upon my regard; therefore I sent him to the surgeon, who immediately let him blood; and who
was,

was, also, of my opinion, *viz.* that he was marvelously distempered. What this disorder might arise from, I shall not take upon me to understand ; but do humbly presume to your honours, that in doing as I have done, I have neither acted more nor less than was my duty : For had I acquiesced with striking to our enemy, I certainly must have been guilty of betraying the king's ship and subjects ; having neither any distemper of body, nor true cause, for so doing.

When Mr. *Heartwell* had thus ended his defence, the judge advocate made a short harangue to the captains who composed the court, in behalf of the prisoner's conduct. After which, they proceeded to give their opinions ; beginning at the junior officer, (according to custom) till they ended with the flag officer. When they all of them, *Nemine Contradicente*, were of opinion, that he had behaved himself like a gallant and prudent officer ; and that he had not only saved the king's ship, and subdued his enemy ; but had also, by his prudent courage and behaviour, snatched the honour of his crown, arms, flag and kingdoms, from the utmost and sudden disgrace imaginable. — And thus, he was acquitted with honour, to the intire satisfaction of every true subject ; while it fared just the reverse

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with the poor cowardly captain ; for being brought also upon his trial, he was as unanimously condemned to be broke, mulk'd of a twelvemonth's pay, (which he could very ill spare) and rendered incapable of ever serving in the navy any more. Soon after the *Bristol's French* prize was by the lords of the admiralty, put into commission, and the command of her given to the worthy and brave Mr. *Heartwell*, with this judicious remark.—He that has so nobly won her, is certainly the most worthy to protect her, and wear her. Which he did for several years, with great honour, courage and success.



*The Magistrate's Lady; or, a new Quirk
for the Lawyers.*

Of earthly goods, the *best* is a good wife,
A *bad*, the *bitterest* curse of human life.

SIMONIDES.

NOTHING can be more truly verified than the character of women in the above motto. The difference betwixt a good and bad wife is not to be truly distinguished, unless a man has experienced them both, therefore cannot be so well described as by Simonides, from whom I have taken my motto. The souls of woman-kind, he says, are made out of different materials, and in a separate state from their bodies. Speaking of bad wives, the one, he describes form'd of those ingredients that make a swine, whom you are sure to find a slut in her house, and a glutton at her table. Another, of canine ingredients, who are deemed scolds, and are perpetually barking and snarling. The third, made out of the earth; who are sluggards, and pass away their time in indolence and ignorance, are hovering a whole winter over the fire, and apply themselves with alacrity, to no kind of business.

business. The best species of women kind are made out of the bee, and happy is the man who gets such a one for his wife, she is altogether faultless and unblameable; and her family flourishes and improves by her good management. She distinguishes herself among her sex. Is surrounded with graces. She never sits among the tribe of loose women, nor passes away her time in wanton discourses. She is full of virtue and prudence, and is the best wife Jupiter can bestow on a man. The following story will prove to my reader that the heroine before us belongs to the canine class, and therefore can have no share in the description of good wives.

In the late war with *France* and *Spain*, an order was issued out, according to act of parliament, for impressing all able-bodied, idle and disorderly men into his majesty's service. And this business properly descending to the constables, many busy and rapacious people, for the sake of profit, made interest for that office; because, for every person they impressed, and was approved by the regulating captains, &c. the constable became intitled to forty shillings. Amongst the rest, a certain barber, named *Puffwell*, and who was a very conceited fellow, made interest enough to be appointed one of those
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constables. But he was no sooner sworn into his office, but he looked upon himself as another kind of man than heretofore; and accordingly equipp'd himself with a brace of pocket pistols and a hanger; for as this was a dangerous and hazardous business, he conceived it prudent to furnish himself thus with arms for the good of the nation. And now, no poor man could look him in the face, or dare to exchange a word with him, without danger of being impressed for a soldier. His wife and family, sympathizing with his greatness of mind and office, disdained the thoughts of trade, and looked upon themselves now, in the exalted state of civil power, and absolute authority.

And soon after this worthy gentleman's advancement as above, his honourable spouse (now madam *Puffwell*) going to market for provisions for her family, and happening to cheapen a shoulder of mutton, caused the following odd dispute: here fellow, (quoth she to the butcher) what do you ask for this shoulder of mutton? Three-pence a' pound, (replies the butcher) three-pene a pound, said she, (with an air of contempt) sure, you're drunk!—drunk! quoth the man, who the devel are you! Where did you come from? What because I know the worth and price of my goods, I'm drunk, ha?—prythe, fellow,

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(quoth

(quoth she) don't talk your stuff to me. Chatter to your companions and equals.— Upon which, one of the market-men standing by, and happening to know her, (for she lived within a hundred yards of the place) cries out, who taught you those airs? do you think I don't know you, you bunting impudent slut! ay, and your scoundrel husband too.—This language struck her to the heart. And firrah, said she again, I'll make you know who I am! I will, you villain! I am a magistrate's lady! firrah, how dare you talk to me, you rascal? I will press you for a soldier, firrah!—with that she catches him hold by the collar, and then goes on to explain her authority as follows.—You press me, (quoth the fellow) —Yes, you villain, (answers she) I am a magistrate's lady; my husband is a constable; and by the laws of this land, a man and his wife is one flesh; and therefore, I am consequently half a constable: and I insist upon your serving the King? upon her starting this logical point, many of the butchers and their wives, for they are seldom very great lawyers, stood staring at her, and at one another, but durst not offer to interpose. At last, the man whom she cheapned the mutton of, (seeing her hawl and pull the fellow by the throat) desired she would go about her business, or else he vowed

vowed, he would dye her all over as fine a crimson as ever was seen.—You? fellow! touch me at your peril! you rascal, (quoth she) I insist upon this fellow's serving the king, I have prest him lawfully; and I command you, in the king's name, to aid and assist me.—This, for a minute or two, stagger'd them all again; but another of them taking heart, came up to them, and demanded the man's liberty; or, (and swore a great oath) he would peg her two eyes out; upon which, she not in the least daunted at his threat, insisted that he was also a proper person to serve the king, and she would press him likewise; and therefore commanded several people, who were drawn thither by the noise, to assist her in the execution of her office.—Here, the women of the market finding this was a shrew'd point, and which they had never heard disputed before, fearing she should get the better, and carry away their husbands, immediately withdrew, and after debating the matter in council among themselves, they let several of their great dogs loose upon her; which this *Magistrate's Lady* having some notice of, occasioned her immediately to quit her prize, and thought proper to retreat without her booty, to the no small credit of the butchers wives, and the general joy of the whole market.

The Lucky Disaster, or fortunate Lovers.

Presence of mind and courage in distress,
Are more than armies to procure success.

DRYDEN.

IT often happens that those events which we look upon to be the most disastrous and contrary to our desires, are frequently the very means which tend to accomplish them. The following story may serve as a lesson to many who think themselves very miserable, and prove that what we often esteem great distresses, are only the means of providence to make us happy in our lawful wishes.

Monseigneur *Mignard*, an eminent apothecary at Paris, was left a widower, at the age of fifty-five, with an only child, a daughter of thirteen years of age. For five years the whole of his attention was turned to her improvement, and at the age of eighteen she was one of the most accomplished young women of her rank in Paris, beautiful and witty

witty to an astonishing degree, fair as ermin, sprightly as a young kid, and as amorous as a young kitten.

Her father loved her to a degree of dotage, yet he was very jealous of her conduct; and to keep her in the strictest bounds, till she was married to a young physician, the son of Dr. *Eloy*, a particular friend of his, for whom, he design'd her, he brought Madame *Agnes*, a widow of small fortune, tolerable age, and great devotion, into his house as governante to his daughter Mademoiselle *Susan*.

Young doctor *Eloy* was no promising object to Mademoiselle; his stiff, formal manner, his pedantic language, and the very little complaisance he shewed her, was the more disgustful in proportion to the assiduities, the tender speeches, genteel form, and engaging manners of the Chevalier *Gorillon*, a young gentleman of good family but small fortune, who had for some time paid his secret addresses to her. On the other hand, Madam *Agnes*, full of charity, tenderness, and compassion, wisely weighing the difference between the repeated presents of the Chevalier, and the sordid avarice of the doctor, sympathised in the amorous pains of her fair charge, and being assured the courtship tended to an honorable

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norable end, resolved to give them all the assistance in her power.

Thus circumstanced, the lovers had frequent opportunities of conversing with each other, in presence of Madame *Agnes*, and nothing was wanting to compleat their mutual happiness but the consent of Monsieur *Mignard*, who seemed too fond of the young doctor to enter readily into their measures ; and having one day made fresh and pressing instances to his daughter, she thought it necessary to acquaint the chevalier with them, and therefore sent for him to come to her at nine o'clock, by which time she knew her father was to set out for *Pontoise* on an affair of importance, which would detain him two or three days.

The chevalier did not fail of coming at the appointed hour, and was led by Madame *Agnes* into Monsieur *Mignard's* chamber, where she left him till her young lady could get rid of some company, who had come to visit her.

It happened that the day before, the apothecary had been employed in distilling a water of a sleepy and stupifying quality, which, on his return, was to be used in order to lay a gentleman in a profound sleep while a very painful operation was performed upon him. This water he had put into a pint decanter, and placed it on his chimney

chimney-piece just before he went out of town. During the time the Chevalier waited for his dear *Susan*, he espied the decanter, and having been most of the afternoon at tennis was very thirsty, and taking it for clear water, poured it out in a large glass and drank it up.

One eighth part of that quantity was sufficient to set any man asleep, whence it may be easily judged what a strong sleep so extravagant a dose must cause; his limbs were immediately benumbed, his head confused, he tried to reach a couch which was in the room, but fell on the ground in a death-like sleep.

The company staid with Mademoiselle till eleven o'clock, and as soon as she was at liberty she went with *Agnes* to her father's chamber, where she found the Chevalier stretched out upon the floor. She thought he was a fallen in a fit, and tried every method to bring him to himself, but all in vain; for after having pinched, pricked, nay burnt him in some places, without being able to bring him to life, they naturally concluded he was dead.

What grief for the young lady! What a most terrible embarrassment for them both! They consulted together till midnight what to do with the body; when, every person in the house being asleep, and the street

street clear, they concluded that they could do nothing better than carry him to the end of the next street, and leave him to the disposal of fortune.

Madame *Agnes* went softly into the street to see if any persons were passing by, when she beheld at the door of a gun-smith, nearly opposite, a long wooden box, in which a quantity of musquets had been that day brought to be repaired, and the gunsmith's men, after taking them out, had forgot the box they came in. This *Agnes* thought was a very convenient place to put the body of the unfortunate Chevalier, and accordingly she took him on her back, while the weeping *Susan* supported his feet, and they placed him in the box, softly covering it with the lid and putting the nails thereof into the same holes in the box whence they had been drawn, and then retired to enjoy their grief at leisure.

They had but just entered into their own house when the gun-smith, remembering that his lads had left the box in the street, called them up, and obliged them to bring it in. The young fellows got up grumbling, and, being half asleep and half awake, did not pay any regard to the weight of it, but brought it into a back room behind the shop, which served as a kitchen, in which the gun smith's niece and maid servant lay, and

and putting it on a long dresser, where it hung over at each end, they returned to bed.

About three o'clock in the morning the effect of the sleepy draught being gone off, the Chevalier awoke, and finding all dark around him, was in great surprize. He felt about and perceived he was in a kind of a box, which did not permit him either to rise up or turn round; and impatient to find himself thus confined he knew not where, he strove to turn himself, with that violence that the box fell from the dresser, and the lid being but lightly put down, it flew open with the fall, and he got out and began to walk on tip-toe to find where he was.

The noise made by the fall of the box was so great that it awaked the niece and maid; who in a great fright thereat, and hearing some body in the room, called aloud, *who's there?* The Chevalier not daring to make any answer, they repeated their cries and pulled a bell which soon awaked the whole house. The gun-smith and his people came with a light and found the poor Chevalier *Gorillon*, who was feeling about for a door to make his escape at.

The gun-smith called out a thief, and sent to the next commissary, while the Chevalier opened his eyes with inconceivable astonishment to see himself in an unknown

known place and surrounded with countenances he had never beheld before. But his consternation was still greater when the commissary entered, received the complaint of the gun-smith, *against this certain person unknown who had entered his house in the night, with a manifest intent to rob or murder, or both.* The deposition was wrote down, the commissary seized him as a thief taken in the fact, they searched him, they interrogated him, and demanded to know how he had gotten into the house, and where he had hid his false keys, for it did not appear that the house was broke open.

Gorillon, in the utmost confusion, answered very unsatisfactorily, and unwilling to mention his dear *Susan*, he made such very absurd excuses, that the commissary had him fettered, and committed him to the prison of the Chatelet; where he was put into a dungeon, as a wretch destined to the gallows.

The next morning the judge being informed of this supposed thief, examined him with much strictness, and joining the ridiculous answers he made to the fact of his being found in the house, proved by irreproachable witnesses, he ordered him to be brought before him in eight days for his final examination and condemnation.

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In the mean while this extraordinary affair spread through Paris, and came, on the fourth day, to the ears of Madame *Agnes* and Mademoiselle *Susan*; who were deeply affected at the news, and could not imagine how a man whom they had carried dead out of the house, could be alive and in expectation of the gallows four days afterwards; and being ignorant of the particulars of what had passed at the gunsmith's, Madame *Agnes* for farther information went to the Chatelet, where she heard the whole of the charge against *Gorillon*; who was not to be admitted to see any person, and would infallibly be hanged in a few days.

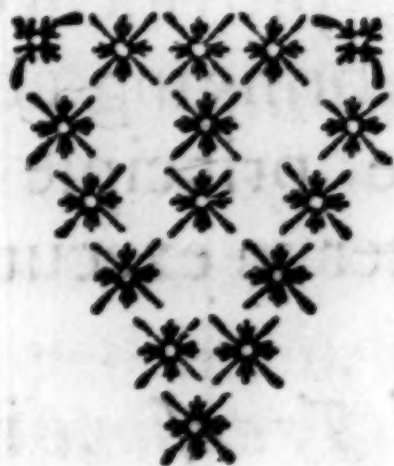
The same day Monsieur *Mignard* came home from *Pontoise*, and missing his bottle of narcotic water, made a great noise about it; *Agnes* (who had returned from the Chatelet) answered him peevishly, that he made a greater disturbance about his water than it was worth; which produced from him an explanation of the value and virtues of the same, in such a manner that *Agnes* soon conceived an idea of what must have befallen the poor Chevalier. She imparted her sentiments to her young lady, who joined in her opinion. A consultation was immediately held, how to save *Gorillon* from his approaching fate; to which
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there were two difficulties ; the first that *Susan's* father must thereby discover what she would rather wish to conceal ; and the other, how very hard it would be to remove from the judge a prepossession which often makes three-fourths of a proof. Nevertheless love surmounted these obstacles ; and to lose no time, *Susan* accompanied *Agnes* to the gun-smith's house, where, asking to speak with him apart, she related the Chevalier's misfortune in a manner so simple, so tender and affecting, and intermixt sighs and tears with her narrative, that the honest gun-smith, who had listened to the whole with the utmost attention, and remembered the affair of the box, soon perceived the truth of the story, which was fully confirmed to him by his visiting his neighbour the apothecary, who acquainted him with the loss of his stupifying water, and its great virtues.

The gun-smith, without saying any thing more to Monsieur *Mignard*, took *Susan* and Madame *Agnes* with him to the judge, and related the whole story to him ; but, as justice sets out with the swiftness of a stag in the prosecution of an accused person, and marches a tortoise's pace to the acquittal, so the magistrate seemed little disposed to believe the exculpation of the supposed criminal ; however he could not refuse a
fresh

fresh examination of the Chevalier in the presence of his prosecutor, who was now become his chief advocate. *Gorillon*, who was now under no restraint in his answers, declared his assignation with *Susan*, and that he drank the fatal water: *Susan* and *Agnes* confessed the manner they convey'd him to the gun-smith's box; and the rest followed very naturally, so that *Gorillon's* innocence clearly appearing, he was acquitted and discharged.

But the honest gun-smith shocked to think he had well nigh caused the death of an innocent person, conceived a warm affection for him, and to recompence him for the trouble he had brought upon him, he so powerfully interceded with his neighbour, *Mr. Mignard*, that in a few days the Chevalier was married to the amiable *Susan*.



Danger of being inquisitive, or the unfortunate Princes

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan
The proper study of mankind, is man.

POPE.

THE natural curiosity of mankind, may some times carry him so far as to draw down the divine vengeance upon him by searching too deep into the book of fate. It is matter sufficient for weak mortals to contemplate the mercies of the divine being, without daring to presume by foreknowledge to unsettle his all-wise decree. The following tale will shew my reader the absurdity of man, who by presumptuously endeavouring to shun what he thought the cruel decree of providence, was himself the very cause of bringing about the design, and rendered the principle instrument of putting the matter in execution.

In the land of *Transiane* in the *East-Indies*, there was a prince tributary to the king of *Pegu*, and his near kinsman, named *Alfonge*, who married a sister of the prince
of

of *Tazatai* called *Abelara*, who was one of the greatest beauties of all those countries. They lived a sweet and happy life with entire affection, and for their greater felicity, they had twin sons, who in their youth discovered something of great and lofty minds, and appeared singularly hopeful for the future. These infants being now ten years old, loved so cordially, that they could not live asunder, and the desires of the one still met with the consent of the other in all things; but the devil, the enemy of concord, inspired a curiosity into the minds of the father and mother to know their fates, or fortunes; and to their grief they were told, *The time shall come when these two brothers, that now love so fondly, shall cut one anothers throats;* this much astonished the poor princes, and filled them with fearful apprehensions. The two princes being come to their fifteenth years, one said to the other; *Brother, it must needs be you that will murder me, for I will sooner die an hundred deaths than do you the least hurt imaginable.* The other replied, *Believe it not, good brother, I beseech you, for you are as dear, or dearer to me than myself.* But the father, to prevent the misfortune, resolved to separate them; whereupon they grew so troubled and melancholy, that he was constrained to delay
his

his design till an occasion happened, which invited all three, the father and his two sons, to a war betwixt the kings of *Narsinga* and *Pegu*, about their title to some territories. But by the mediation of some persons a peace was concluded, upon condition that these two young princes should marry the two daughters of the king of *Narsinga*; and that the king of *Pegu* should confer on him that married the elder, all the countries he took in the last war with the kingdom of *Martaban*; and the other brother, besides the kingdom of *Tazatai*, should have that of *Verma*. The nuptials consummated, each departed to his territories, lands spaciouſly divided them. Now it after happened that the king of *Tazatai* was engaged in a ſharp war with the king of *Mandranelia*, and ſent to the two brother princes for aid, who both haſtened, unknown to each other, to his aſſiſtance. He from *Verma* came ſecretly to town with one ſervant only, to viſit a lady who had been once their ancient miſtreſs; and the other brother being upon the ſame deſign, they met at the lady's gate by night, not knowing one another, where furious with jealouſy, after ſome words, they drew and killed each other. One of them dying gave humble thanks to heaven for preventing the direful deſtiny foretold him.

him, that he should kill his brother ; here-upon the other, knowing him by his voice and discourse, and drawing near his end himself, crept to him and embraced him with tears and lamentations, and so both dolefully ended their days together. The father having tidings of it, and seeing his white hairs led, by his own fault, to so hard fortune, overborn with grief and despair, came and flew himself upon the bodies of his sons, and with the grief and tears of all the people they were buried all three in one monument.

An infalliable receipt to cure a Drunkard.

Shun drunkenness, whose vile incontinence
Takes both away the reason and the sense :
Till with Circean cups thy minds possessest,
Leaves to be man and wholly turns to beast ;
And whilst thou swallow'st the capacious bowl,
Think that thou lets't in seas to drown thy soul.

RANDOLPH.

IT is impossible to lay down any determined rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one man may be temperance in another.—But there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not sufficient judges of their own constitutions
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so far as to know, that excess of liquor must certainly drown the senses, as well as impare and shatter the constitution. Notwithstanding the pernicious consequence of drinking, few who are addicted to this vice, will quit the same, till reason takes place, and punishment brings them to a proper way of thinking; as I shall shew my reader in the following story.

The father of the late earl of *Pembroke*, who had many good qualities, but always persisted inflexibly in his own opinion; which, as well as his conduct, was often very singular, thought of an expedient to prevent the remonstrances and expostulations of those about him, this expedient was, to feign himself deaf; and under pretence of hearing very imperfectly, he would always form his answer, not by what was really said to him, but by what he desired to have said. Among a number of servants, was one who had lived with him from a child, and served him with great fidelity and affection in several capacities, till at length he became his coachman. This man by degrees acquired an habit of drinking, for which his lady often desired that he might be dismissed. My lord always answered, yes, indeed, *John* is an excellent servant. I say, replies the lady, that he's continually

continually drunk, and desire that he may be tu n'd off. Ay, said his lordship, he has liv'd with me from a child, and, as you say, a trifle of wages should not part us. John, however, one evening, as he was driving from Kensington, overturned his lady in Hyde Park ; she was not much hurt, but when she came home she began to rattle the earl : Here, says she, is that beast John so drunk that he can scarce stand ; he has overturned the coach, and if he is not discharged may break our necks. Ay, said my lord, is poor John sick ? Alas, I am sorry for him. I am complaining, says my lady, that he is drunk, and has overturned me. Ay, said my lord, to be sure he has behaved very well, and shall have proper advice. My lady finding it hopeless to remonstrate, went away in a pet ; and my lord having ordered John into his presence, addressed him very coolly in these terms. John, you know that I have a regard for you, and as long as you behave well you shall always be taken care of in my family ; my lady tells me you are taken ill, and indeed I see that you can hardly stand ; go to bed, and I will see that you have proper advice. John being thus dismissed, was carried to bed ; where by his lordship's order, who attended in person, a large blister was put upon his head, another

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ther between his shoulders, and sixteen ounces of blood were taken from his arm. *John* found himself next morning in a woe-ful condition, and was soon acquainted with the whole process, and the reasons upon which it had been commenced. *John* had no remedy but to submit, for he would rather have incurred as many more blisters than have lost his place. My lord sent very formally twice a day to know how he did, and frequently congratulated my lady upon *John's* recovery; whom he directed to be fed only with water-gruel, and to have no company but an old women, whom he had ordered to attend him as a nurse. In about a week, *John* having constantly sent word that he was well, my lord thought fit to understand the messenger, and said, he was extremely glad to hear that the fever had quite left him, and desired to see him. When *John* came in, Well, *John*, says he I hope this bout is over. Ah, my lord says *John*, I humbly ask your lordship's pardon, and I promise never to commit the same fault again. Ay, ay, says my lord, you say right, nobody can prevent sickness; and if you should be sick again *John*, I shall see it, though perhaps you would not complain; and I promise you that you shall always have the same advice, and the same attendance that you have had now. God
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blefs your lordship, fays *John*, I hope there will be no need. So do I too, fays my lord, but as long as you do your duty to me, *John*, I will do mine to you, never fear. *John* then withdrew, and fo dreaded the the difcipline he had fuffered, that he never was known to be drunk afterwards.

Villainy detected, and true Merit rewarded.

The greateft attribute of Heav'n is mercy;
And it is the crown of juftice, and the glory;
Where it may kill with right, to fave with pity:

THE foul of a good man is naturally a lover of juftice, and when ever we read in hiftory of a criminal being overtaken in whom there does not appear the leaft caufe for pity, it is very common for us to triumph over the object, and find a pleafing fenfation that the hand of juftice has over taken him. The depraved appetite of a wicked man will fometimes carry him beyond the ferocity of the brute fpecies, as will be fufficiently evinced in the fequel of the following ftory, which may be relied on as a real matter of fact.

When *Charles* duke of *Burgundy*, surnamed *The Bold*, reigned over spacious dominions now swallowed up by the power of *France*, he heaped many favours and honours upon *Claudius Rhynsfault*, a *German*, who had serv'd him in his wars against the insults of his neighbours. A great part of *Zealand* was at that time in subjection to that dukedom. The prince himself was a person of singular humanity and justice. *Rhynsfault*, with no other real quality than courage, had dissimulation enough to pass upon his generous and unsuspicious master for a person of blunt honesty and fidelity, without any vice that could bias him from the execution of justice. His highness prepossessed to his advantage, upon the decease of the governor of his chief town of *Zealand*, gave *Rhynsfault* that command. He was not long seated in that government, before he cast his eyes upon *Sapphira*, a woman of exquisite beauty, the wife of *Paul Denvelt*, a wealthy merchant of the city under his protection and government.—*Rhynsfault* was a man of warm constitution, and violent inclination to women, and not unskilled in the soft arts which win their favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the satisfaction which are reaped from the possession of beauty, but was an utter stranger

stranger to the decencies, honours and delicacies that attend the passion towards them in elegant minds. However he had so much of the world, that he had a great share of the language which usually prevails upon the weaker part of that sex, and he could with his tongue utter a passion with which his heart was wholly untouch'd. He was one of those brutal minds which can be gratified with the violation of innocence and beauty without the least pity, passion or love, to that with which they are so much delighted. Ingratitude is a vice inseparable to a lustful man; and the possession of a woman by him who has no thought but allaying a passion painful to himself, is necessarily followed by distaste and aversion. *Rhynsault* being resolv'd to accomplish his will on the wife of *Danvelt*, left no arts untried to get into a familiarity at her house; but she knew his character and disposition too well, not to shun all occasions that might ensnare her into his conversation. The governor despairing of success by ordinary means, apprehended and imprisoned her husband, under pretence of an information that he was guilty of a correspondence with the enemies of the Duke to betray the town into their possession. This design had its desired effect; and the wife of the unfortunate *Danvelt*, the day be-

fore that which was appointed for his execution, presented herself in the hall of the governor's house, and as he pass'd thro' the apartment, threw herself at his feet, and holding his knees, beseeched his mercy. *Rybnfault* beheld her with dissembled satisfaction, and assuming an air of thought and authority, he bid her arise, and told her she must follow him to his closet; and asking her whether she knew the hand of the letter he pulled out of his pocket, went from her, leaving this admonition aloud, 'If you will save your husband, you must give me an account of all you know without prevarication; for every body is satisfied he was too fond of you to be able to hide from you the names of the rest of the conspirators, or any other particulars whatsoever.' He went to his closet, and soon after the lady was sent for to an audience. The servant knew his distance when matters of state were to be debated; and the governor laying aside the air with which he had appeared in public, began to be the suppliant, to rally an affliction which it was in her power easily to remove, and relieve an innocent man from his imprisonment. She easily perceived his intention, and, bathed in tears, began to deprecate so wicked a design. Lust, like ambition, takes all the faculties of the mind and body into

into it's service and subjection. Her becoming tears, her honest anguish, the wringing of her hands, and the many changes of her posture and figure in the vehemence of speaking, where but so many attitudes in which he beheld her beauty, and farther incentives of his desire. All humanity was lost in that one appetite, and he signified to her in so many plain terms, that he was unhappy till he had possessed her, and nothing less should be the price of her husband's life; and she must, before the following noon, pronounce the death or enlargement of *Danvelt*. After this notification, when he saw *Sapphira* enough again distracted to make the subject of their discourse to common eyes appear different from what it was, he called servants to conduct her to the gate. Loaded with insupportable affliction, she immediately repairs to her husband, and having signified to his goalers, that she had a proposal to make to her husband from the governor, she was left alone with him, revealed to him all that had passed, and represented the endless conflict she was in between love to his person, and fidelity to his bed. It is easy to imagine the sharp affliction this honest pair was in upon such an incident, in lives not used to any but ordinary occurrences. The man was bridled by shame from speaking what his fear prompted

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ed, upon so near an approach of death; but let fall words that signified to her, he should not think her polluted, though she had not yet confessed to him that the governor had violated her person, since he knew her will had no part in the action. She parted from him with this oblique permission, to save a life he had not resolution to resign for the safety of his honour.

The next morning the unhappy *Sapphira* attended the governor, and being led into a remote apartment, submitted to his desires. *Rhynsault* commended her charms, claimed a familiarity after what had passed between them, and with an air of gaiety in the language of a gallant, bid her return, and take her husband out of prison; but, continued he, my fair one must not be offended that I have taken care he should not be an interruption to our future affignations. These last words foreboded what she found when she came to the goal, her husband executed by the order of *Rhynsault*.

It was remarkable the woman, who was full of tears and lamentations during the whole course of her affliction, uttered neither sigh nor complaint, but stood fixed with grief at this consummation of her misfortunes. She betook herself to her abode, and after having in solitude paid her devotions to him who is the avenger of innocence,

nocence, she repaired privately to court. Her person, and a certain grandeur of sorrow negligent of forms, gained her a passage into the presence of the duke her sovereign. As soon as she came into the presence, she broke forth into the following words, ‘ Behold, O mighty *Charles*, a
‘ wretch, weary of life, though it has al-
‘ ways been spent with innocence and vir-
‘ tue. It is not in your power to redress
‘ my injuries, but it is to avenge them.
‘ And if the protection of the distressed and
‘ the punishment of oppressors, is a task
‘ worthy a prince, I bring the duke of *Bur-*
‘ *gundy* ample matter for doing honour to
‘ his own great name, and wiping infamy
‘ off of mine.’

When she had spoke this, she delivered the duke a paper reciting her story. He read it with all the emotions that indignation and pity could raise in a prince jealous of his honour in the behaviour of his officers, and prosperity of his subjects.

Upon an appointed day, *Rhynsfault* was sent for to court, and in the presence of a few of the council, confronted by *Sapphira*: the prince asking, *Do you know that lady?* *Rhynsfault*, as soon as he could recover his surprize, told the duke he would marry her, if his highness would please to think that a reparation. The duke seemed contented
with

with this answer, and stood by during the immediate solemnization of the ceremony. At the conclusion of it he told *Rhynsfault*,
 ‘ Thus far you have done as constrained by
 ‘ my authority: -I shall not be satisfied of
 ‘ your kind usage of her, without you sign
 ‘ a gift of your whole estate to her after
 ‘ your decease.’ To the performance of this also the duke was a witness. When these two acts were executed, the duke turned to the lady, and told her, it now remains for me to put you in quiet possession of what your husband has so bountifully bestowed on you; and ordered the immediate execution of *Rhynsfault*.

All Covet, all Loose.

Greedy of gain, either by fraud or stealth,
 Whilst one man fails, another gets the wealth.

MIDDLETON.

A Man of an avaritious disposition, can seldom or ever be content with the good things which providence has bountifully bestowed upon him, but by too eagerly striving to encrease his substance, is often deceived in the acquisition of his wealth; for the more they have, the more they require, and riches instead of satisfying their
 wants

wants, serve only to increase it. Some men by being thus, rendered fortune's favourite, are induced to transgress her laws, more out of ignorance, than design; as is the case of the honest Irishman in the following story.

Patrick Macgrumble, one day, going across *St. James's* square, pick'd up a letter, and breaking it open, he found a guinea inclos'd, with these words: 'Dear friend, 'I have sent you a guinea in part of the thirty 'shillings which I owe you; and in consideration that the times are hard, and money 'very scarce, I hope that this will satisfy 'you, yours, &c.' The *Irishman* having paus'd a little, and read the letter over twice, express'd his high dislike of it in the following words: Arah, vat is dish; take a guinea for thirty shillingh? upon my shoul, but dish man ish a very great rashcal, now, that he ish; de dible burn me, but dey tink dat *Irishmen* are foolsh. Take a guinea for thirty shillings, indeed! Fait I will shee him at de dibel first. I will have all or none, now, dat I will.—With that the Irishman wraps up the letter again, and throws it upon the ground with all the fury imaginable. An *Englishman* that follow'd him at a small distance, happen'd to see him pick up the letter, and being just behind

behind him, within ear shot, heard him read every word in it; so that as soon as he had flung down the letter again, the *Englishman* pick'd it up, but a little dispair'd of finding the guinea in't; however, to his no small joy and surprise, there it was: the *Irishman*, who was not yet reconcil'd to the unconscionable propofal in the letter, of taking a guinea for thirty shillings, turning about to look at it, and muttering to himself with contempt, saw the *Englishman* pick it up; and being desirous to know his opinion of the unreasonable request within-side, halted a little. The *Englishman* being very near him, began reading the letter aloud. As soon as he had ended it; ay, ay, (says he) 'tis very true, the times are hard indeed, and money very scarce; and therefore I'll take the guinea for the whole debt, and forgive you the rest with all my heart and soul; and up he pockets the guinea. Arah, by Jesush, crys the *Irishman*, but you are a shcoundrel, now, that you are; and it ish such rashcals as you are that make sho many roguesh in the world, for if every body will be such a great fool as you are, and take a guinea for thirty shillingsh, de devil of any body will ever pay any more.

End of the first Volume.



